WEEK ENDING APRIL 11 1925

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue: **DOES YOUR JOB FIT YOU?** *By Charles A. Fell*

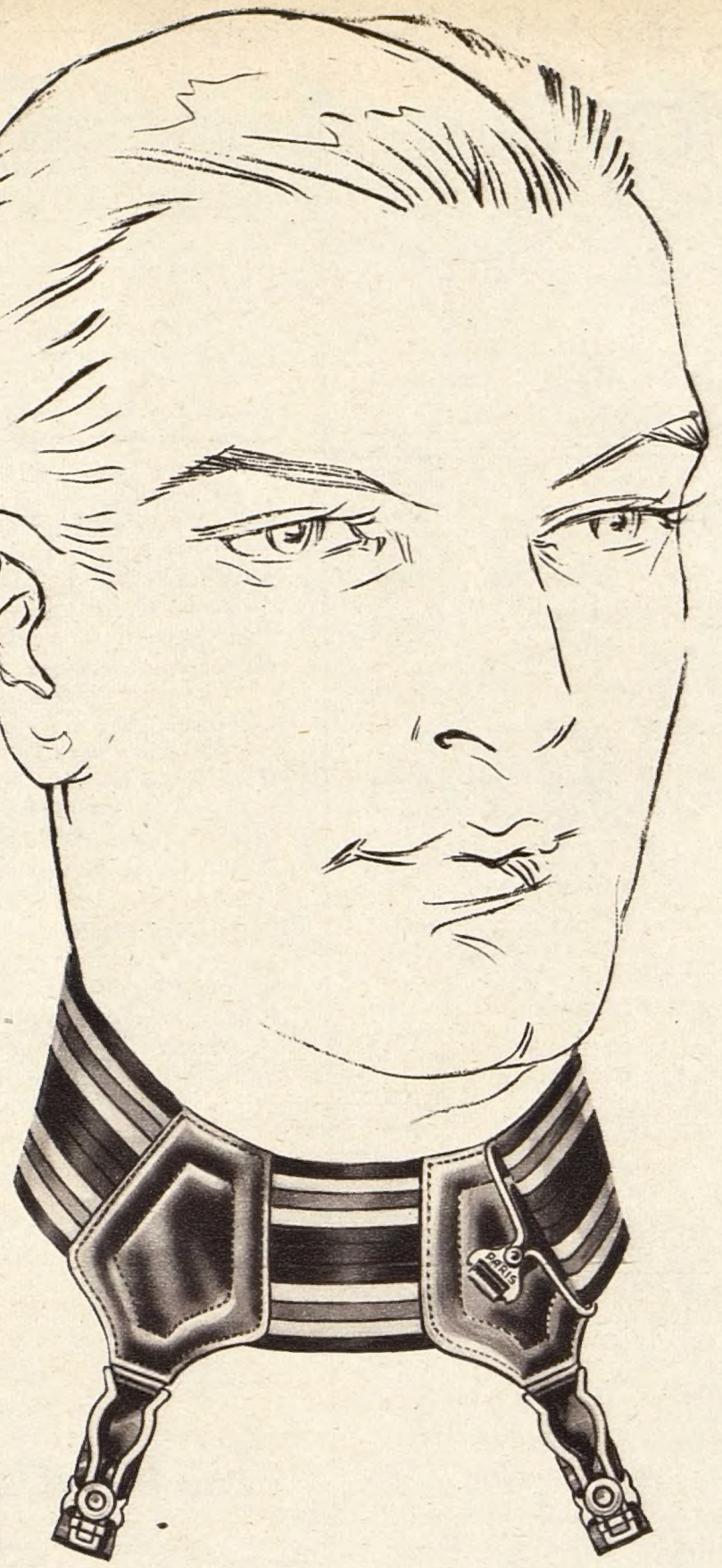
Apollo
CHOCOLATES

WE put as much care into choosing the cocoa-beans that are finally blended into the rich coating of Apollo, as you do into the choice of *the* Easter hat. And the result is as different from ordinary chocolates as your hat is from "just hats." Though it sounds like an Orient feast to total them, there are 117 different flavours of Apollo—every one of which is dipped in that same rich chocolate. There are some 26 different ways in which these flavours are put up for you—and shipped direct (and *fresh*) to a store near you. It's an unknown holiday, indeed, that won't be a little gayer for Apollo.

$1.00 · $1.25 · $1.50 · $1.75

a holiday's
Apollo day

APOLLO CHOCOLATES *are made by* F. H. ROBERTS COMPANY, 128 Cross Street, Boston, Mass.



If garters were worn around the neck you'd change them frequently

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

Time for a fresh pair?

In single and double grips

25c to $1

APRIL 11, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1 No. 49

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

NATIONAL SPORTS

The professional baseball parks will soon be opened. The teams went South and West in February and March. A good many people who make money out of baseball say it is the national game. It has been. It may not continue to be. It may be only one of them.

Somebody has discovered that the boys are not playing baseball on the sand lots and prairies as they used to. That is supposed to be a bad thing. Probably it would be for baseball as a commercial enterprise. The idea is that something must be done about it. The boys must be brought back to the national game.

A good many boys who used to play ball are now caddies. They walk eighteen holes twice a day carrying clubs weighing ten or twelve pounds. That is exercise. They earn seventy-five cents or a dollar a round with tips. They also learn golf.

John D. Rockefeller is playing golf at eighty-five. A boy may play baseball through public school, academy, and college. That about ends it as an exercise for him. If that is the only game he knows he quits outdoor sports or must learn a new one. A middle-aged man does not play baseball. It is too swift for him. It requires too much skill. There is too much chance of knocking a finger out of joint or getting hit by a batted ball.

Babe Ruth, Walter Johnson, and other stars in the profession may keep at it in the maturity of their days, but John Citizen quits it about the time he gets married, if not long before.

If baseball is our national game we have one which can be played only by boys, young men, and professionals. A middle-aged man who played ball in his youth and tries it again is lucky if he only has to spend the next day in bed.

The boy who is earning money carrying golf sticks and who has no time for baseball may be learning a game which he can play for the rest of his life.

This is saying nothing against baseball, but why make it a national obligation? If the boys naturally want to play it, they will. There is nothing lost if they don't, providing their physical activities have found another outlet. It may even be a better outlet.

They have a great deal of interest these days in football. They cannot keep that up beyond youth. Football may become the great American national game, but the players cannot be exercising at it at sixty.

Probably the best thing for an out-of-door nation is to have games of youth which are violent and even dangerous, leading to a desire later for games which are good exercise and not beyond the powers of post-meridian life.

Successful nations have rooted themselves in outdoor sports. England had the flanneled fools at the wicket and the muddied oafs at the goal, but England has not lost many wars.

There will be games of great skill which people like to see, although few people have the skill, endurance, or strength to play them. If there were nothing but such games sport would be a thing of the hippodrome with its trained acrobats and fat spectators. A healthy nation is not created in the spectators' seats in the hippodrome. Such sports are merely the high lights of a nation with general sports in which nearly all the people may engage for exercise and pleasure.

IN THIS ISSUE

Page

F. O. B. the Bahamas. *A short story of plot and counterplot among the rum runners*.....By WILLIAM S. FORMAN 5
Where Do We Stand in the Air? *An authoritative statement on a much-discussed problem of defense*.....By THEODORE ROOSEVELT 11
Lion-in-the-Conversation. *Thoughts on a diverting game of talkers vs. listeners*.....By MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE 15
Does Your Job Fit You? *How one man is revealing the wonders of vocational psychology*.....By CHARLES A. FELL 17
John L. Sullivan: The Fight on the Barge. *Part four of the story of a famous career*.....By JOE DORNEY and SID SUTHERLAND 21
The Easter Morning Breakfast. *Household hints*..By ETHEL M. SOMERS 26
He Hated Arithmetic. *Recounting the strange start and remarkable rise of the world's greatest statistician*.....By HUGH FULLERTON 29
Chapman: The Story of a Supercrook. *Third article of a series on the most dangerous bandit of his time*.....By EDWARD H. SMITH 31
It's a Great Game. *A lively tale of golf, rivalry in love, and a bully whose courage crumbled*.....By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT 35
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 23..... 40
$50,000 for an Idea for a Story. *Liberty's newest and greatest contest*..... 41
Tailored Modes Stressed for Street Wear. *Patterns*.....By PATRICIA 42
Contrasting Coats and Skirts Are New and Chic. *Fashions*.....By CORINNE LOWE 43
Is Love Everything? *A motion picture review*.....By ALVA TAYLOR 45
Broken Waters. *Sixth installment of a serial of adventure, romance, and mystery in the South Sea Isles*.....By FRANK L. PACKARD 48
$500 a Week for Limericks. *The winners and another chance*..... 54

Cover Design by Maude Martin Ellis

NOTICE

The contents of Liberty — both text and illustrations — are fully protected by copyright. Nothing that appears herein may be reprinted, either in full or in part, except by special permission.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The World's a Stage, Says Heywood Broun

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

AND every man's his own hero, though he may not appear heroic to his neighbors. You'll laugh over this discerning humorist's answer to the inquiry, *Do You Dramatize Yourself?* Everybody does, Mr. Broun thinks. Whether reading the paper, seeing a show, or indulging in the most humdrum of life's pursuits, we are playacting, all of us, though the chances are we're not in the least aware of it. Here's a most amusing exploration of one of the amiable oddities of human nature. See if it doesn't, maybe, uncover a trait you didn't know you had.

There's a fine, colorful romance in the coming issue — a short story by *Mary Brecht Pulver*, called *So This Is Love*, which is one of the best things Liberty has printed. And there's adventurous excitement in *The Shock Punch*, a two-part story by *John Monk Saunders*, which begins next week. This is a tale of a young man who didn't progress in business, faced the prospect of losing the girl he loved, and did something about it. The "something" had to do with a remarkable blow he had been taught to deliver. How the blow affected his destiny and the faces of some of the men he met is the basis of a narrative which bristles with action.

April 11, 1925 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 49

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

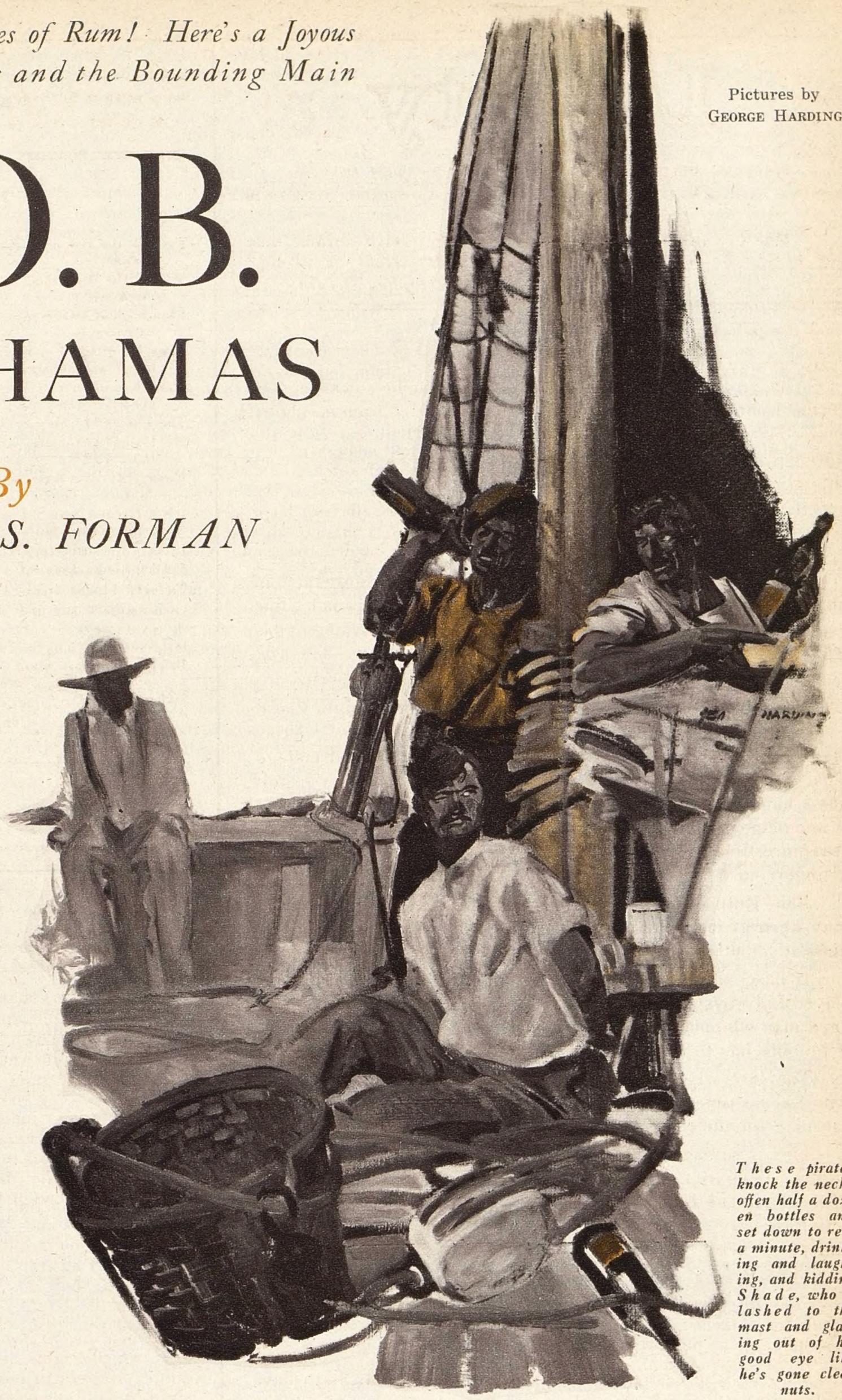
YO-HO-HO and 4,000 Cases of Rum! Here's a Joyous Tale of Bold Buccaneers and the Bounding Main

F.O.B. *the* BAHAMAS

By

WILLIAM S. FORMAN

Pictures by
GEORGE HARDING



These pirates knock the necks offen half a dozen bottles and set down to rest a minute, drinking and laughing, and kidding Shade, who is lashed to the mast and glaring out of his good eye like he's gone clean nuts.

ALL RIGHT. You blow your seegar smoke the other way for a while, Commandant, or Commodore, or whatever you Nassau coppers call yourselves, and I'll come through.

I'm as anxious to tell you why I bumped this schooner captain off as you are to hear it, and be done with it, and get out of the coop. You had ought to fumigate this place.

Sure. Go ahead. Whatever you want to know you just ask me, General. This here is a plain case of self-defense. You can't make nothing else out of it. And when I finish my story you better beat it over to the American consul's office and have me sprung. If the United States Government finds out that you birds are holding an American citizen for nothing but bumping a schooner captain off over a whisky deal, the United States Navy will come down here and pull this island up by the roots.

My full name? Help yourself. Write it down any ways you want to. Say I'm Mr. Weisenheimer, American, free, white, and old enough to sleep by myself. Residence? Chi. Bootlegger? Sure. Who isn't?

Do I admit I fired the shot? Don't make me laugh. One of your nigger coppers in his red and blue pants was there and saw me do it. I fire once and down goes your schooner magnate, face first, like the discard in a poker game. He comes and asks for it, and he gets it.

No, he never has time to lay a hand on me. These bumps you see on my head is where that goofy bartender takes me with a chair, from behind. Otherwise you never would have got me.

How long have I been in Nassau? Well, not hardly long enough to believe my eyes that such a dump exists on earth. A couple of months ago I think the Bahamas are something you wear in bed. I'll take the rap for plugging that schooner captain, because it's self-defense and you can't make nothing else out of it.

A fine joint to be in this is. You know that octoroon or something who runs that little dump on Bay Street, across from Treadwell's warehouse, selling ice cream and such novelties and those British cigarettes that smell like you're beating a rug? This guy maces Americans thirty-five cents for a ten cent bottle of soft stuff. I see him do it myself and should have smacked him one in the jaw.

Where was I? Oh, yes; the schooner captain. Sam Shade, his name was; skipper of the British auxiliary schooner Dorothy Dorr. There's a floating palace for you, that stinking schooner. Worth a dime a dozen before prohibition.

This whole thing started back in Chi a short time ago over a big whisky deal. My mother's brother, which that makes him my uncle—why, practically everybody in the booze racket knows my uncle. I expect you've heard these rum runners and bootleggers talk about old Pincus, the Alcohol King? That's the guy.

Well, this old Pincus, the Alcohol King, is my uncle. You talk about making dough in the booze racket—say, this old John D. Morgan has got more money than the Bahamas has got mosquitoes. He sells redistilled denatured alcohol to bootleggers to make two out of one with. If he's worth a nickel he's worth a mint, and when he gets anything it stays

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

his. I expect he'd spend all of two dollars to get me out of the coop.

At that, old Pincus means all right. The trouble is that when a guy gets to be around sixty years old you can't tell him nothing; he knows it all. You'd think that when an old four-minute egg like him can make millions in his own particular racket he'd stick to that racket, and not go horning into some other guy's racket trying to make more.

And whenever old Pincus gets an idea of any kind in what he calls his head it's simply a waste of time for anybody to try to get it out. It can't be done. If it could I wouldn't be here now, inside looking out. I advised old Pincus against this business from the getaway, because, as I argue, why come all the way down to these Bahamas for whisky when you can stay at home in Chi and make it yourself?

UP to this time, you understand, Brigadier, smuggling whisky is a new racket to Uncle Pincus. He has been confining his talents strictly to making alcohol, and I am here to tell you he makes plenty and sells all he can make. When the old man goes into anything he goes whole hog or none, and in the alcohol racket he's the guy that first discovered what 39-B denatured alcohol can be used for when you got a yen for profits. He buys it at sixty-five cents a gallon and he sells it all over the U. S. A. for six to nine dollars a gallon, and you wouldn't call that losing money.

At the time I'm talking about I'm running beer trucks into Chi from Joliet, and keeping busy enough. I get knocked off once in a while by prohibition men and shot up sometimes by hijackers, and everything is going along fine and dandy when all of a sudden a Chicago bootlegger named Jimmy Lawrence gets his head together with Uncle Pincus and they cook up this goofy smuggling deal.

No, I don't know so much about this Jimmy Lawrence at the time, except that he bootlegs on the North Side and handles high-class trade, druggists and apartment houses and such, and seems to be a hustler.

He says he went to Chi from New York because New York is overrun with bootleggers cutting prices and peddling moon that would gag a goat.

Well, one night I blow over to my uncle's house to try my luck at borrowing a small piece of change and I find the old man and this Jimmy Lawrence out in the kitchen with a lot of price lists and maps and timetables and samples of Scotch whisky spread out on the table, and old Pincus is setting there batting his eyes like Jimmy has him hypnotized.

It seems Jimmy has been down to Nassau and Bimini and some joint they call Belize, looking things over and getting quotations on thousand case lots, and he brings back some samples of Scotch to show that such qualities at such prices is practically unbelievable. We sit there all night, talking brands and figures and drinking samples, the old man getting cockeyed and smacking his lips over the sample drinks with a noise like blowing a tire.

"Most of the whisky you boys peddle around here lately," says Pincus, "I'd as soon drink wooden alcohol and be done with it. Such nectar as this Bahama Black and White is a revolution to me. I give you my word and honor I can take such whisky as this and cut it with my Formula 39-B three to four cases out of one and it is still whisky fit for a judge of the Appellate Court. What is the positively cash price per case of this whisky?"

Jimmy looks at a typewriter list made up on a letterhead of the David Smithson Company, Ltd., which says they're dealers in American, Scotch and Irish Whiskies, English Dry Gins, Bacardi Rum, Champagne, Cognacs, Cordials, and Vermouths; Bay Street, Nassau, Island of New Providence, Bahamas.

"Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a case," says Jimmy, "and it's a high-class concern. Their stuff comes straight from London and Glasgow and goes into a bonded warehouse in Nassau, and stays there till an American smuggler comes and buys it out. A few thousand cases at the price, multiplied into a few thousand more cases by your festive 39-B 'alky,' would make a fortune for you, Pincus."

"Well," says Pincus, "what's your proposition?"

"That depends," says Jimmy. "Are you figuring on cutting your nephew here in on it if I and you come to terms?"

"I am not figuring on cutting nobody in on nothing," says Pincus. "This boy is doing well enough running beer; and, anyway, if he would get his hands on any profits he would spend every red nickel chasing floppers around cabarets."

"Well," says Jimmy, "I can buy this genuine bonded Black and White in thousand case lots, all packed and loaded on a schooner at Nassau, for twenty-two and a half a case. The schooner charges five dollars a case to freight it to Jersey or Long Island, or wherever you want to go. That's twenty-seven and a half. It costs another five to land it; that's thirty-two and a half. Add ten a case for the overland haul to Chicago, and, say, two and a half a case for emergency bribes and incidentals, and you can see for yourself I can lay this stuff down in Chicago for fifty berries a case.

"Now, owing to certain untoward conditions in the Bahamas, there is only one schooner there I would trust, and I would not sail with less than her capacity, which is four thousand cases. And four thousand cases brought to Chi comes to two hundred thousand dollars. I am not personally addicted to such sums. Therefore I propose to swing one thousand cases myself, that being my limit; and I will form a syndicate to swing the other three thousand cases."

"I AM not any longer in favor of syndicates," says Pincus, taking another sample drink. "The last syndicate I am in is oil leases, and it cost me fifteen thousand dollars to get out. If you have dough enough to swing your one thousand cases why don't you go ahead and swing them? Why do you have to go out of these Bahamas, as you describe them, with four thousand cases?"

"Because," says Jimmy, "the situation in Nassau is peculiar, as viewed from the standpoint of an honest American like you or me; so peculiar that if you go blindly butting into the system without knowing exactly how to play it these Britishers will take you like Grant took Brooklyn. Let me cite a hypodermic case:

"Say you are a stranger in Nassau; and in Nassau, if you are an American, you are never anything but a stranger. You buy a thousand cases of Scotch. You want to haul it to Montauk Point, New York. The dealer recommends the schooner Sweet Pickle of Picardy, whose skipper, known as Honest Honus, is as honest and trustworthy as a plugged dime.

"You find old Honest Honus prowling around Bay Street looking for saps, and finally you come to terms. He'll freight your stuff to Montauk Point for five dollars a case, payable in advance, and he'll take it through snug like a bug in a rug.

"Now, the cargo capacity of his schooner is five thousand cases. You have a thousand cases aboard. Honest Honus is not going all the way to Montauk Point with one-fifth of a cargo; you can bet your port side mizzenmast he's not. Unbeknownst to you, or maybe with your consent, if you are not in your right mind, he'll load four thousand cases of some other guy's hootch aboard, along with yours; and the guy who owns those four thousand cases probably will put what they call a supercargo aboard to guard his whisky.

"They tell me there have been cases where these supercargoes turned out to be honest. I don't know. You'd have to show me. Anyway, it's a long haul from Nassau to Montauk. If, somewhere on the moonlit sea, the skipper and the supercargo get their heads together and decide to knock you off for your thousand cases, or to knock you and the other guy off for the entire five thousand cases, why, they simply knock you off, and that's all there is to it. You can roost on Montauk Point and wait for your cargo till the cows come home—but the cows never come."

Old Pincus takes another drink.

"YOUR hypodermic case looks like a poor business proposition to me," he says. "Five thousand cases is a hundred and twelve thousand five hundred dollars, or six per cent on a million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, that you are minus if they knock you off. And when they knock you off, does this signify they murder you, too?"

"No," says Jimmy; "they seldom murder, except when necessary. To knock you off is the trade term for robbing you—taking your cargo. To be murdered is to be bumped off."

"In either case," says Pincus, "how are you going to beat such a game as these Bahamas and being knocked off before you get home, even, say, you come out alive?"

"Why, I've got that all arranged," says Jimmy. "Sam Shade, master of the British schooner Dorothy Dorr, is a square skipper. I've got a square shore gang to land the stuff in New Jersey. As soon as I'm financed up to four thousand cases I'll go through the Volstead law like McGraw goes through the National League. You put up the jack for three thousand cases, and I'll make you a fortune.

"And another thing," he goes on. "You can send your nephew here as supercargo to guard your stuff. That's a good arrangement. Your entire shipment is in charge of your own relative, who gets a commission of a dollar a case as supercargo."

"A dollar a case your eye," says Pincus. "This boy is tickled to death if I pay him fifty cents a case and his itemized expenses."

"Well," says Jimmy, "the cards are on the table. The question is, are you on?"

"I am neither on nor off for the present," says Pincus. "I will look into this matter, and, if I am convinced I stand no chance to lose a penny, I will take a gamble with you."

That is how matters stood when we had killed the rest of the samples and put the old man to bed, and I went on about my business. A peculiar thing about the booze racket is the way a rumor will spread. It's only two nights later when I drop into a cabaret to see my sweetie, which she is a singer there.

"What's this I hear about you falling into the hands of Jimmy Lawrence in some sort of a whisky swindle?" she asks.

"Merely a temporary partnership to make a killing," I explain. "I don't like your tones and attitudes. From now on I'm a supercargo."

"I don't care if you are a superheterodyne," she says, "when you go transacting any business with Jimmy Lawrence, you are liable to lose the fillings out of your teeth. You and

your nitwit uncle better back away from this proposition."

"What do you think you know about high finance?" I says, getting my back up.

"I may not know anything about high finances," she says, "but I know Jimmy Lawrence, and he's a foul ball. I knew him well in New York, before he was run out of that Sodom & Gomorrah. You're a nice boy, but you're a born fish. You listen to mother, and whenever you're near Jimmy Lawrence you put your bank roll in the small of your back, under a porous plaster."

WHILE I'm not an alarmist by habit, this kind of talk upsets me a little. So the next day I blow over to my uncle's house.

"If this projection looks as good to you now as it did when you had about fifteen of those sample drinks under your belt, all right," I says to him. "But it don't to me. For instance, what are you going to do about it if Jimmy Lawrence and his four thousand cases never arrive in Chi at all? You're out about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash money, that's all; and I'm lucky if I get home with the two grand I'm to collect for being supercargo."

"Don't go around losing no sleep over me being knocked off," he says. "Anybody that knocks your Uncle Pincus off has got to get up early and do his knocking off before breakfast. You go crank up your beer truck; and, if I had no more nerve than you have got, I would positively quit hauling beer and go into the butter and egg business."

A week later he gives his decision, and it's what I knew it would be. I and Jimmy Lawrence and Uncle Pincus hold the final conference in my uncle's garage, and Pincus forks over the cash for three thousand cases and him and Jimmy signs an ironclad contract which in any court in the land is as binding as a Russian ruble.

By the terms of this treaty Jimmy is to take me to Nassau, select and pay for the hootch, and load it on the schooner Dorothy Dorr, Captain Samuel P. Shade, on which I'm to sail as supercargo. Then Jimmy is to beat it to the Jersey coast by train and send out the motor boats when we anchor at a place agreed upon, on Rum Row. I'm to get my two grand commission when I go aboard the schooner.

"And you'd better take along that gat you carry on your beer truck," my sweetie says to me that night.

I and Jimmy leave the next day for Miami to connect with one of them dime-a-dozen sailing vessels that carries the mails over to Nassau twice a week. And on the way to the train I have a sudden stroke of good sense and stop in a drug store and buy me a porous plaster.

II.

YES, you're right about that, Chief; there was a fine mix-up on that schooner—fists flying and guys getting socked over the head with a gun, and piracy, and kidnaping, and hell popping in general. And when Coolidge hears what happened to an American citizen on that boat, he's liable to send the Navy down here and pull this island clear out of the Atlantic Ocean.

"Damn my eyes!" says Shade. Which he exaggerates. He's only got one eye. "What's that?"

Well, the day we arrive in Nassau I and Jimmy start right out and make the rounds of the Bay Street hootch dealers, getting prices and examining, classifying, and testing samples till we're both soaked to the eyebrows. Jimmy decides to buy off of Irvine & Campbell because they knock off fifty cents a case and give us a price of twenty-two dollars per on four thousand cases of Black and White. Jimmy hands over the eighty-eight thousand berries and gets his receipt, and they agree to start loading as soon as we come to terms with Captain Shade of the schooner Dorothy Dorr.

We find the late Captain Shade, the guy I'm doomed to bump off some few brief weeks later, setting in the office of a whisky dealer with his feet on a table, smoking a seegar about the size of the Shenandoah. He remembers Jimmy right away, and the two of them gets off in a corner and talk in low tones for about an hour.

I'VE always been brung up not to speak ill of the dead, but concerning this Captain Shade, if anybody happens to ask you, he never win out no beauty prizes at Atlantic City. Somewheres in his career this skipper has lost an eye; and he's got another habit that always gets my goat. Whenever he's thinking hard or gets wrought up about something he twitches his nose up and down and spits through his teeth, regardless.

Jimmy and Shade seems to come to some understanding final.

"My supercargo," says Jimmy, introducing me to Shade. "And I guess a couple of huskies

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

We're boarded by a dozen guys — as tough a collection of humans as I ever see in my life.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 7]

like you two can bat your way through the Volstead law, hey old timer?"

Shade looks me over and grunts.

WE start loading the Dorothy that same afternoon, and she's a job of work, too. Four thousand cases really means eight thousand packages to handle, because this hootch comes packed in burlap bundles of six bottles each.

We finish the job on a Tuesday night. Shade says he'll sail by midnight, which suits Jimmy fine, for there's a mail boat leaving for Florida the next day.

When we're through loading I and Jimmy and Shade set down in the two-by-four cabin and Jimmy spreads the rest of the dough.

"Here's yours," he says, and hands Shade twenty thousand-dollar bills, which covers the five dollars a case freight charge.

"And here's yours," says Jimmy, and hands me four five-hundred-dollar bills, which is my bit for being supercargo. I pocket the jack like Shade does, but only temporary. Before we sail I sneak over to the Luzanne Hotel and get a porter to help me put this two thousand berries between my shoulder blades, under that porous plaster I bought in Chi. And it turns out that I'm not exactly nuts when I do so, neither.

Well, we tell Jimmy good-by and slip out of Nassau harbor with the tide at midnight, and fight storms all the way past Hatteras, and six days later we drop anchor at ten o'clock of a fine summer day off the coast of New Jersey and stand there hove to, as the saying is.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Shade is lying stretched out on a life preserver chest, and he's dead to the world and snoring like a sawmill. I'm leaning over the rail, trying to get the last of it out of my system. The crew is all forward, drying out their clothes; and the cook is shaving one of the niggers without any soap, using nothing but a dull razor and cold water. Yes, sir; I see him do it myself.

All of a sudden a big power launch comes whizzing over the rollers, making straight for our schooner. And by the time the skipper can shake the sleep out of his head and get up off the life preserver chest we're boarded by a dozen guys—as tough a collection of humans as I ever see in my life, and I been driving beer trucks for four years.

THE leader—he looks a good deal like this Bull Montana in the movies—heads straight for Captain Shade, while the rest of the gang spreads out, standing between Shade and the crew and keeping an eye on the stairs that comes up from the cabin. The mate is somewheres down there below, asleep. One guy strolls over my way and stands watching me. He don't do or say nothing; just watches me.

Shade gives this Montana guy the once over, his hands on his hips in easy reach of the pockets where he carries his hardware. But Montana don't make no unfriendly motions.

"I got nothing for sale this trip," says Shade. "This cargo is on consignment."

"Correct you are," says Montana. "On consignment to James Lawrence, and we've came to take it off."

"That's not according to prior arrangement," Shade says.

"We're not working according to arrangement today," says Montana. "We're working according to *me*. Mr. James Lawrence of Chicago owns this cargo. Mr. James Lawrence sends his own crew to take it ashore."

"So!" says Shade, and him and Montana stands there eyeing each other, up and down, each one waiting for the other to make a move. It's like a picture. "Lawrence told me plain enough it would be Newark Red and his crew that would come out. Maybe he changed his plans, but I don't know any reason why he should."

"Correct you are," says Montana. "I got my identity papers with me. Here's your order, Skipper, all wrote down shipshape and proper."

He takes a paper from his pocket and holds it out to Shade, in his left hand. It's all over in a second. Shade half bends down to look at the writing, and, quick as a flash—he's like a cat, that guy—Montana whips a gat from his right hip pocket and clips the skipper behind the ear. Shade drops like he's shot and lays there in a huddle on the deck, knocked cold.

"Get the crew!" Montana yells. "If anybody lifts a finger, sock it to him!"

The mate comes bounding up the stairs, but

he never arrives on deck. One of the gang that's guarding the companionway wallops him over the head with a gun, and he goes sliding back to where he come from, feet first.

They drive the crew aft like a bunch of scared cattle, knocking them about with their fists a good deal to show 'em who is boss; and when they're lined up along the rail Montana looks them over and laughs.

"British sailor men!" he says. "The pride of the West Indies! Well, this is one trip you hemp farmers will earn your pay."

Me? All this time I'm standing there popeyed. Nobody has socked me yet, but I figure I'm a hundred to one shot to get a wallop over the head any minute; and the odds goes still higher when Montana glances my way and then comes hurrying over to me like he means business.

"Supercargo?" he asks.

"Yes, sir," I says, mighty polite.

"What's your name?"

I tell him the truth.

"Correct you are," he says, to my surprise. "Sorry to say I am under positive orders not to lay a hand on you. Gimme your gat."

I hand it over.

"Now," he says, "you set down in a rocking chair somewheres and read the papers till this business is finished. And if you so much as raise a hand to scratch your head, orders or no orders, I'll break you in two. You—Pete!" he calls to one of the gang. "You fan that skipper's kick for the twenty grand he carries and then tie him to the mast."

And you can bet I set down on that life preserver chest and keep my trap shut.

III.

NO, they don't try to carry off all that hootch in one power launch. That would take 'em a year.

Here's what they do; and this shows how careful they have planned this whole business. Montana orders anchor up, and they start the engine and hoist the sails and we go scooting southeast about fifteen miles, where there's another schooner standing hove to, waiting for us. I see the name painted on this other boat; she's called the Square Deal.

We warp alongside, and Montana, holding his gats on the crew, orders the cargo transferred. And he sure drives these niggers. He comes over to me and sets down to smoke a cigarette.

"Well," he says, "you picked a fine horse thief to break in with. He has a habit of losing supercargoes; usual they disappear complete after he pulls one of his famous hijacking jobs. This is one particular cargo he won't hijack, though he intended to. He was laying all snug there, miles from where he was supposed to be, waiting for his friend, Pegleg Whitey, to come out for the stuff. But we beat him to it. This time Mister Sammy Shade throws craps."

WHEN the job is complete, and all our Black and White is transferred to the other schooner, these pirates knock the necks offen half a dozen bottles and set down to rest a minute, drinking and laughing, and kidding Shade, who is lashed to the mast and glaring out of his one good eye like he's gone clean nuts.

When they're ready to leave, Montana calls me aside and, when nobody is looking, slips my gat back into my pocket.

"No doubt you'll need it," he says, as cheerful as you please. "When the skipper gets loost from that mast he'll wreck the schooner, and you, too."

Then they tell us good-by as happy and care-free as if we're a lot of children playing games in a kindergarten, and they up anchor and sail away with our four thousand cases of Black and White.

I cut the skipper loose from the mast and then hustle below and free the mate. When I come back on deck Shade is standing with his hands on his hips, his legs spread wide apart to brace him against the roll of the ship, and I can see he's oiling himself up to commit murder.

"So!" he blazes out at me. "Our little Rollo is playmates with hijackers, fondled and cuddled and friends with them all. Well, you'll pay for this job. Nobody knocks Sam Shade off and goes bragging of it. I might have knowed you was too young and innocent."

"You're dippy," I says. "This thing is all a mystery to me as much as it is to you. But now that it's finished, I've had enough of rum ships and hijackers and schooner captains like you to last me the rest of my life. So I'll be much obliged if you'll tell your niggers to take one of these skiffs you call a Dora and put me ashore."

"Put you ashore!" he says. "Ay, I'll put you ashore, damn me if I don't. I'll put you ashore in Nassau, and there you'll stay until I get back the twenty thousand dollars I'm out. There's justice in Nassau for honest men. I can hire a man's throat slit there for six shillings."

"I don't doubt that," I says. "And special rates on Americans."

"And above all," he says, "I'll ask you to hand over that two thousand dollars you collected as supercargo. That will be a down payment, my man; after which you still owe me eighteen thousand. And I'll collect it; make no doubt about that."

I figure I can lie a little because he can't know nothing about my porous plaster.

"I got no two thousand on me," I says.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

"Them pirates took it offen me like they took your twenty grand."

Shade twitches his nose and spits, and I have to duck lively to get away from it.

"Like a play at a theater," he says. "All rehearsed careful and goes off like greased lightning. They're mighty cautious not to hurt my supercargo. You're smarter than I gave you credit for. If you had just a few more brains, I'd say you're the leader in this whole business and planned it all yourself."

"In which case," I answer, for I'm getting fed up with this guy, "I'd say you're a liar. In fact, I say it, anyway."

He comes for me all spraddled out, but this time he hasn't got no gat. I duck his swing and let one fly myself, and I get him on the jaw. Jack Dempsey couldn't do it better. He hits the deck on his back, and the humor I'm in I could finish him right there. But the mate sneaks up and gets me from behind and knocks me loose from where I'm standing. Then the both of them stand by and give me a fine trimming, fists and boots. They nearly kill me.

"And now," says the skipper to the mate when they get tired, "take this swine below and lock him up. I'll take him back to Nassau, where we'll have a settlement."

So there I am. Me, an American citizen and a registered voter, kidnaped, abducted, and shanghaied, and held prisoner on the high seas, under the British flag. The United States licked Europe for less than that.

I got plenty of time to think things over on the run back to Nassau, but I can't make head or tail of it. Who got the booze? The way it looks to me, Shade and Jimmy Lawrence start out in the first place to knock Pincus off. But Shade double-crosses Jimmy and plans to knock Jimmy off. Then Jimmy turns the tables somehow and knocks Shade off. Simple? Sure.

WHEN we get back to Nassau, Shade marches me off to the office of Irvine & Campbell and states his case. He demands reimbursement. Irvine hems and haws and can't see what the firm can do about it. Old Campbell sets and smokes his pipe and says nothing. He's put his share of the cargo money in the bank a long time ago; and, with a Scotchman, when the money is banked, the incident is closed.

"But I tell you this young squirt here is a party to this swindle," says Shade, storming around the office. "He comes to me as a customer of your firm, which is the same as a recommend from you. They tell me his uncle is a millionaire—maybe more. Honest men had ort to stick together in a situation like this.

"I got twenty thousand dollars coming to me for freightin' that whisky, and somebody has got to pay it. I'm not making v'yages all the way to Jersey to cure consumption. If old Pink Pills, or whatever his name is, has got a million, he can come through with twenty thousand of it to ransom his nephy."

"If you cable the old gentleman the gravity of the situation, taking care not to threaten or offend him," Irvine suggests, "he'll settle, perhaps."

"'Perhaps' is right," I says. "Anybody that separates old Pincus from twenty thousand has got to spend forty thousand for chloroform."

But Shade insists on action. So Irvine drafts a cablegram to Pincus stating that there is an unexpected crisis in the Bahamas by which I am in urgent need of twenty thousand dollars, and will he please remit immediately? I fill in the address and sign the cablegram.

There matters rest for a while. And it sure looks as if Shade has arranged to make me a resident of Nassau unless he gets his jack. There's only two little sailing vessels goes out each week here in the summer time, carrying the mails to Miami; and every time I sneak down to the dock and try to get away I'm told they are filled and not taking any more passengers. These schooner captains down here may knock each other off in a booze deal occasional, but they sure rally around the flag boys to trim any outsider.

SO it comes about that I'm setting yesterday in the Luzanne bar trying to dope out some way to walk, swim, fly, or tunnel over to Florida, when one of the hotel porters comes in, walking in his sleep, as usual, and hands me a letter from my Uncle Pincus. I open it in a hurry and shake the envelope; but no checks, drafts, remittances, or other ransom money falls out. Nothing in it but a letter; but when I read it I get up and give three cheers for Uncle Pincus and the United States of America.

A drunken beach comber who is trying to worry a tune out of that old broken down piano in the corner comes over and sets down at my table.

"You look like a man who has fell heir to some good news," he says. "On such rare occasions it is the custom of the country to buy a drink."

"I'll buy you a case," I says. I start peeling off my shirt, while he looks kind of more or less astonished. "You take a-hold here and yank this porous plaster off my back."

He jerks the plaster off, taking hide and all, and I spread two thousand berries out on the table.

"A rather novel idea, that porous plaster," says the beach comber, counting the money. "Although down here in the Bahamas I'd feel more confidence in plaster of Paris, or maybe cement."

"Bring us two thousand dollars' worth of highballs," I says to the bartender. And just as he starts around the bar with his bottles the door opens and in walks Captain Shade talking to one of these nigger coppers in his red and blue pants. Somebody has told him I got some mail.

When Shade sees my bank roll spread out there on the table he stops in his tracks and stands staring like he's had a stroke. I let my hand slip toward my hip pocket, against the time when he'll begin to twitch his nose and spit.

"Damn my eyes!" says Shade. Which he exaggerates. He's only got one eye. "What's that?"

"That's money," I says. "None of your shillings and tuppences, but real money, made in America."

"So!" he says. "I knowed it all the time."

He turns to the copper.

"Drop anchor here a minute," he says. "That cheap crook yonder sets a-countin' his share of the swag from a damn dirty deal. He owes me money, and now I'll collect."

"Try and get it," I says.

He makes the try. He comes fast, and he reaches for his gat on the way. Which is a mistake. I'm quicker on the draw; I had plenty of practice in that stuff running beer trucks. I fire once, and down he goes fluttering, face first, like you'd toss away a spade when you got four diamonds. I expect I plugged him right between the eyes, for I'm a good shot.

But I don't have no time to inspect Shade's remainder for wounds. A second later, and I'm down and out myself, for that goof bartender takes me over the head with a chair from behind. The last thing I remember is seeing the copper go through a window. When I come to they've took Shade's body away and I'm on the way to the coop.

. . . . .

So there you are, Chief. A plain case of self-fense. It's what lawyers call primey facey. You can't make nothing else out of it.

Huh? You're only holding me on a minor charge? Breach of the peace? Well, now, Commodore, that's right decent of you. Bumping off even a Nassau schooner captain couldn't be called less than disorderly conduct. Huh? What do you mean, you got the same charge against Shade? You trying to kid me?

Where do you get that stuff? You mean to tell me I missed him complete? Fell on his face to save himself and crawled under a table? What do you know about that?

Well, I'm kind of glad, in a way, that I'm not in any jam for murder. No use to put Coolidge to a lot of unnecessary trouble.

ABOUT the hootch—I can kind of clear that up, too, Commodore. Uncle Pincus explained all about that in his letter. I got it here in my pocket. I'll read it to you—I don't know whether you guys down here read the American language or not:

Chicago, Aug. 3.

Dear Sir and Nephew: Your cable by way Western Union this day received. Such messages cost thirty-five cents a word, payable in advance. If you use such judgment in all your correspondence your are headed straight for bankruptcy.

I am lucky you did not use the long distance and reverse the charges on me.

As you can see from this letter, it is not costing anybody thirty-five cents a word for me to reply positively no, I would not remit you twenty thousand dollars immediately or any other time. What are you doing down there, buying islands?

Rather you should hurry back home and attend to your business. Beer has gone up five dollars a barrel. Business would be even better yet after election. How do those Bahamas go, Republican or Democrat? Respectfully your loving uncle,

PINCUS.

P. S.: Your friend Jimmy Lawrence is a crook and a loafer. Because I discovered he had made all his plans to knock me off for that whisky. As a business proposition, to prevent losses, etc., I made the proper arrangements in New Jersey and knocked it off myself.

In Miami is a good customer of mine who owns a fine ocean yacht and I am writing him to drive his yacht over to Nassau and take you away from such a place where you can spend twenty thousand dollars hanging around saloons. You will leave that place on that yacht or you will know the reason why. PINCUS.

Well, Chief, that's what I would call getting the breaks. Yes, sir; that's filling an ace-high straight right smack in the middle. I'll pay my fine and be on my way, and I don't have to swim to Florida, neither. How much do you tax a guy for failing to kill a schooner captain in this town?

I'm not kidding you, Brigadier. You're all right; you come up to Chi some time and I'll give you a regular ride on a beer truck, what I mean. But to preserve the peace in this dump you better keep that cocky schooner captain locked up in the coop here till I sail out of Nassau on my private yacht. I don't want to be put to the trouble of killing that guy all over again.

THE END

The U. S. Navy dirigible Shenandoah hovering over its mooring mast on the U. S. S. Patoka.

© U. & U.

Theodore Roosevelt, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who discusses herewith, from first-hand knowledge, the questions of whether aircraft have made battleships obsolete and whether there should be a united air service.

Could Enemy Aircraft Destroy Our Navy and Deluge Our Cities with Gas and High Explosive Shells? Here's a Straightforward Exposition of What's What in the Controversy Over America's Aerial Defense

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy

P. & A. Photo

Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, whose testimony before a Congressional investigating committee recently brought the whole question of aircraft defense prominently into the nation's view.

THE development of our air service, both from the standpoint of defense and from the standpoint of its commercial value, is of great importance. We must give it every support. On the other hand, just because it is new and picturesque, we must not be carried away and do things which will injure the defense of the country, and for which we will be sorry later—possibly when it is too late.

The airplane has not eliminated either the Army or the Navy. It is not a separate service, but an integral part of both the Army and the Navy, and a united air service would damage, not help, our power to protect ourselves.

We get used to things in such a short time in this country that we are far too prone to regard a great half developed modern project as something which has already reached its zenith. This is one of our troubles in dealing with the problems of air navigation. It is as yet only very partially developed, and this we must realize.

At this time we must make up our minds to the fact that the development of air work must, of a necessity, for a certain period be carried on largely through governmental work and governmental appropriations. As a matter of fact, that is the way it has been developed in this country.

The Army and Navy have done the vast majority of our development work. We must, in the interests of aviation, not only from the standpoint of defense but also from its commercial aspect, continue the appropriations they have had for this purpose and increase them.

Aviation logically divides itself into two

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

heads—namely: aviation for defense, and aviation for civil needs. In so far as the aviation for defense is concerned, it is carried on entirely by the Army and Navy. They have made very considerable strides therein, and each year they are advancing. They are working continually on new engines, aerodynamics, and research problems of all types. Their work also is contributing daily to the development of aviation, and to them will be due the major credit when aviation becomes a great civil or commercial asset.

The principal board which decides the cognate problems of Army and Navy dealing with defense is known as the Joint Board. It is composed of ranking officers of both services. This board has assigned to each service its particular function in aviation.

By the decision of this board the Army Air Service operates from bases on shore. It has as its mission all operations with the mobile Army and the defense of shore establishments against hostile aircraft. It also operates either ashore or in conjunction with the other arms of the Army and Navy against the enemy when the latter is engaged in attacks on the coast. Its personnel now consists of nine hundred and seventy-seven officers and nine thousand one hundred and fifty-four enlisted men.

It is not up (in numbers) to the peace-time requirements prescribed by the General Staff. In every one of the five types of planes it is also short. However, year by year, the Army is working toward the goal it has set.

THE Navy Air Service functions as an arm of the fleet. To it is assigned the overseas scouting. It operates against enemy establishments on shore when such operations are conducted in co-operation with other types of naval forces, or alone when their mission is primarily naval.

In addition, the Navy Air Service is charged with the protection of coastal sea communication by reconnaissance and patrol, by convoy operations, and by attack on enemy craft engaged in trade prevention—alone or in co-operation with other arms of the Army or Navy which engage enemy vessels attacking the coast.

The Navy has in the air service six hundred and twenty-two officers and three thousand five hundred and ninety-eight men.

The Navy planes are being standardized as far as possible. There are very diverse functions for planes which call for very different types of machines and engines, so this standardization can only be carried on within very specific limits.

For example, there is the fighting plane. In a fighting plane speed and ability to maneuver are the prime requisites. Cruising radius is not so important. They are built the way an automobile is built which is to be used for racing.

On the other hand, there are the patrol planes. Speed is not the all-important consideration here, but cruising radius is. Therefore a slower type that can make a long journey is built. Speed is sacrificed to the ability to carry fuel and military equipment, such as bombs. This type of plane resembles an automobile for touring.

The Navy Department has been able to reduce the types of planes to five. These are:

Training planes;
Fighting planes;
Observation planes;
Combined service planes (that is, torpedo, scouting, and bombing planes);
Patrol planes.

There are four ways these planes operate—from shore stations, from some "mother" ship, from airplane carriers, and from the fighting ships.

The first, that is, from shore stations, is work such as that done at Hampton Roads, Coco Solo, etc.; the second is where the airplane is accompanied by some vessel, such as the Wright. Planes are not kept on board the vessel, but anchor in her vicinity. The crew of the plane lives on the vessel. She fills the place of the cantonment and administration buildings at shore stations. Naturally such a method cannot be counted on on the high seas.

As for the third method, the operation from airplane carriers, though we are deficient at this time, we have under construction certain vessels which should largely remedy this condition when completed. Specifically, we have now only one airplane carrier in commission. That is the Langley, which is merely an experimental ship, small and slow. We have under construction, however, two great airplane carriers, which will be finished in about a year and a half.

The fourth and last method of operation is from ships. We have not at this time many planes installed on our fighting vessels. This is something that should be remedied, and part of the appropriations requested this year are for that purpose.

To the Navy has been assigned by the Joint Board the development of the rigid airships which are commonly known as "dirigibles." At present we have two; one, the Shenandoah, built at Lakehurst, in this country; the other, the Los Angeles, built in Germany.

We have developed mooring masts for these vessels and have started erecting them at strategic points in the country and in our possessions. These mooring masts are in the nature of mooring buoys for ships. In addition we have fitted out with a mast the naval vessel Patoka in order that the dirigibles may be able to operate with the fleet. Mooring masts are valuable mainly for fueling and repair work. In case of a heavy storm the ship would cast off, as it would from a buoy.

The value of the dirigibles in war is a much debated subject. There are, of course, certain unassailable facts. The dirigible can make infinitely longer cruises away from a base than the airplane. Also, she can hover—that is, stay in one place in the air. Both of these attributes very considerably increase her value as a scout. In general, the opinion of those best informed is that the dirigible will be the first form of aerial transportation successfully applied commercially.

Navy observation planes from the U. S. S. Tennessee and Milwaukee.

AT this time there are many who are suggesting that we abandon the method we now have of an air service belonging to and developed by the Army and Navy, respectively, and combine our governmental air work under a separate head independent of these services. This, I believe, would be a great mistake.

I believe one of the principal arguments therefor is based upon the thought that from such a combination a great economy in operation would result. I do not agree that this is the case, but for the purposes of argument I will admit it.

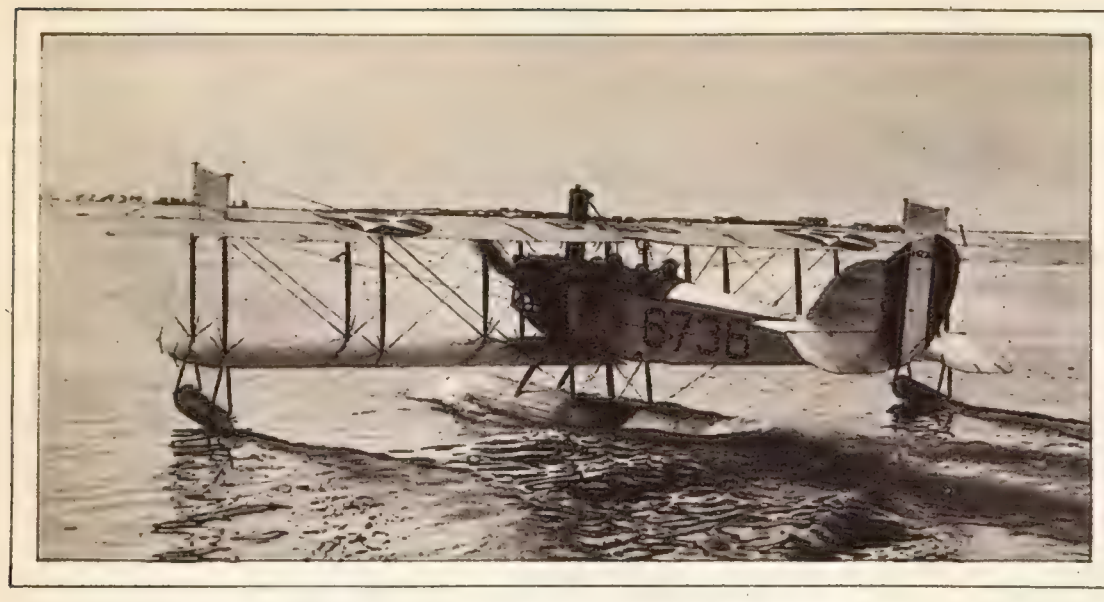
The Army and Navy are the establishments on which we depend for the defense of our country, our ideals, and our homes. In their keeping lies the very peace that we so earnestly desire. Their mission is to guard the United States.

The primary consideration, therefore, in dealing with them is—are the actions proposed helpful or hurtful from the standpoint of defense? After that, the economy feature should be considered. By this I do not mean that economy should not be practiced—it should. It must be borne in mind, however, that defense, not economy, is the prime consideration.

In my opinion our ability to defend ourselves would be damaged by a united air service. Primarily, the air service is an auxiliary arm. It functions as a part of either the naval or military machine. You do not think of airplanes as fighting a battle to determine the course of a war independent of either the Army or Navy.

The principal service the air forces perform in war—and they are most important—are, first, information, and, second, harassing. Under harassing I include the destruction of material—such as ships or munition plants. Both of these functions are performed in connection with either Army or Navy. It is axiomatic that the only way to get the highest efficiency in combat is to train together in times of peace. The arms that either the general or admiral employs should be part of his machine, and they can only be so if in time of peace they belong to the services.

Besides this, the work of air forces with the Army and Navy is very different. It is one thing to operate from an airplane carrier or a battleship, or from the water, and another to operate from land. The "spotting" of shell fire is different for battleships and troops. A naval aviator must know the science of navigation. It is not necessary for an army man to know this.



One of the Navy's big patrol planes at Washington, D. C.

A training plane preparing to take off near Pensacola, Fla.

Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics.

Lieut. Col. Edward M. Offley, war plans division, Army General Staff.

Maj. H. C. Pratt, chief of training and war plans division, Army Air Service.

Photos © Henry Miller

Lieut. Com. M. A. Mitscher, chief plans division, Bureau of Aeronautics.

Commander Neil E. Nichols, member of war plans division, naval operations.

Maj. Gen. Mason M. Patrick, war veteran and chief of the Army Air Service.

You would unquestionably damage the efficiency of our defense if you united the air services and took them away from the Army and Navy.

I said in the beginning I did not admit that separate air services are necessarily very much more expensive. Most of the economy that could be gained by a united air service can be obtained by proper co-ordination. The average person has no idea how much co-operation exists between the services at this time.

We now have no less than three boards connecting in various ways the two services. They are as follows:

The Joint Board of the Army and Navy, which is composed of ranking officers of both services and which considers all problems affecting the relationship of the two services.

The Aeronautical Board, composed of two officers from the Army Air Service and one from the General Staff and two from the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics and one from the office of the Chief of Naval Operations. This board has as its sole function the co-ordination in all ways of the aeronautical activities of the sister services.

The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which is independent of the departments and is responsible to the President alone. This has as members civilians as well as officers. Its mission is the scientific study of the problems of flight.

These boards have for one of their main objectives the co-operation of which I have spoken. I believe such co-operation can be still further developed. I believe that at times in both services there is too great a feeling of rivalry and not enough understanding of their mutual interests.

I believe, however, that day by day this is being eliminated and that once both services get thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea of co-operation great strides will be made. When this takes place the costs of separate air services will differ little, if any, from the cost of a combined service.

The wild-eyed extremists on the subject of aviation go even further than the idea of a united air service. They maintain that the airplane has rendered obsolete either the army or navy or both. This, of course, is trash of the most pronounced type. There has been no development to date which renders any such conclusion possible.

THE airships are auxiliary arms, very important ones, but still only auxiliary arms. To begin with, they are very dependent on weather conditions. A British general said recently that during a week in some maneuvers no airplane could function effectively on account of weather conditions.

It is urged that sinking of certain old warships by airplane bombing proves that the battleship is useless. The bombing of these old war vessels was nothing but target practice. Vessels moored at a given place are one thing, vessels cruising in unknown waters are another. Furthermore, it is one thing to bomb a ship that is helpless and another to bomb a ship that can fight back.

I have seen hostile aircraft operate where there were no anti-aircraft guns and where we had but few planes to oppose them. There is all the difference in the world between what they do under these circumstances and what they do when they meet a stubborn defense. Aircraft have made great strides since the war, but, by the same token, so has the defense against them. When the fate of the nation hangs in the balance it is the great guns of the capital ships which will hammer out victory.

Some of these irrational enthusiasts on the air service draw pictures of what the United States might suffer under an aerial attack by foreign countries, but totally fail to show just wherein the danger lies.

I have seen an article describing an air attack on San Francisco. There are no airplanes constructed which could possibly fly under their own power from any hostile foreign base to San Francisco. Therefore, the only method of approach would be by airplanes transported on airplane carriers.

There is no nation in the world which could bring airplane carriers within striking distance of San Francisco so long as we keep our fleet. A successful aerial attack on San Francisco, or on New York, for that matter, could only come if we as a nation let our Navy go by the board. For defense against an aerial attack of this kind we must rely primarily on the Navy.

To sum up, the development of the air service, both from the standpoint of defense and from the standpoint of its civilian uses, is of great importance to this country. I hope that we will not only maintain but increase the governmental appropriations therefor.

Our civilian development at this period must come largely through governmental aid and initiative.

Congress should appropriate the means for laying out national air routes. Congress should arrange for the codifying and extension of air laws.

I hope the Winslow-Wadsworth bill establishing the air division of the Department of Commerce will become a law. We must provide means whereby pilots are licensed and incompetents forbidden to drive air machines.

The air mail service should be continued and expanded. However, we must not let our enthusiasm for the new and picturesque sweep us from our moorings.

A united air service would be dangerous and ineffective. The Army and Navy are the backbone of the defense of the nation. Their maintenance must be our constant care.

THE END

J. E. GREENSLADE

JACK WARD
Chicago
"I didn't want to work for small pay. Easily proved Mr. Greenslade was right. Made $13,500 last year—over $1,000 every month."

WARREN HARTLE
Chicago
"After 10 years in the Railway mail service I decided to make a change. Earned more than $1,000 the first 30 days."

F. WYNN
Portland
"Last week my earnings amounted to $554.37; this week will go over $400.00. Thanks to the N. S. T. A."

GEO. W. KEARNS
Oklahoma
"From $60 a month working on a ranch, to $524 in two weeks, is the step I took after this training."

You're Fooling Yourself

—if You Think These Big Pay Records Are Due to LUCK!

But don't take my word for it! When I tell you that you can quickly increase your earning power; I'll PROVE IT! FREE! I'll show you hundreds of men like yourself who have done it. And I'll show you how you can do it, too.

I'LL come directly to the point. First you'll say, "I could never do it. These men were lucky." But remember the men whose pictures are shown above are only four out of thousands and if you think it's luck that has suddenly raised thousands of men into the big pay class *you're fooling yourself!*

Easy to Double Salary

But let's get down to your own case. You want more money. You want the good things in life, a comfortable home of your own where you can entertain, a snappy car, membership in a good club, good clothes, advantages for your loved ones, travel and a place of importance in your community. All this can be yours. And I'll prove it to you, FREE.

First of all, get this one thing right—such achievement is not luck—it's KNOWING HOW! And KNOWING HOW in a field in which your opportunities and rewards are ten times greater than in other work. In short, I'll prove that I can make you a Master Salesman—and you know the incomes good salesmen make.

Every one of the four men shown above was sure that he could never SELL! They thought Salesmen were "born" and not "made"! When I said, "Enter the Selling Field where chances in your favor are ten to one," they said it couldn't be done. But I proved to them that this Association could take any man of average intelligence—regardless of his present job, or lack of selling experience—and in a short time make a MASTER SALESMAN of him—make him capable of earning anywhere from $5,000 to $10,000 a year. And that's what I'm willing to prove to you, FREE.

Simple as A B C

You may think my promise remarkable. Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There are certain ways of saying and doing things, certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices and outwit competition.

Just as you learned the alphabet, so you can learn salesmanship. And through the NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training—you gain the equivalent of actual experience while studying.

Years of Selling Experience in a Few Weeks

The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable you to quickly step into the ranks of successful salesmen—will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable you to jump from small pay to a real man's income.

Remarkable Book, "Modern Salesmanship," Sent FREE

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship."

It will show you how you can easily become a master salesman—a big money-maker—how the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training will give you years of selling experience in a few weeks; how our FREE Employment Service will help select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon today. In every man's life there is one big moment when he makes the decision that robs him of success—or leads him on to fortune. This may be your turning point. You may be face to face with *your BIG* opportunity. Your decision right now is important. Send the attached coupon at once and you will have made the first long stride toward success.

Chicagoans are invited to call personally at the Association Buildings or at our downtown headquarters—Suite 520 at 53 West Jackson Boulevard. Phone Harrison 5668.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. D-115, N. S. T. A. Buildings,
1139 N. Dearborn, CHICAGO, ILL.

WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SALESMANSHIP TRAINING INSTITUTION
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. D-115, N. S. T. A. Buildings, 1139 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Send me free your book, "Modern Salesmanship," and Proof that I can become a MASTER SALESMAN.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

AGE ..... OCCUPATION .....

.....

LION-IN-THE-CONVERSATION

Under the Smooth Surface of Afternoon Tea There Rages a Bitter War of Wits

By MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Picture by GEORGE O'NEILL

Margaret Prescott Montague is one of the best known novelists and short story writers in this country. In 1920 she won the coveted O. Henry prize for the best short story of the year. Its title was, England to America. Among her best known writings are Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge, Deep Channel, The Gift, and Closed Doors.

DO YOU play lion-in-the-conversation? I do, but not very well. I have bitter reason to know that others play it far better. In case you are not familiar with the game, let me say it is a little like puss-in-the-corner, only it is played with lions instead of pussies.

There are other differences also, and perhaps for illustration the following account of one occasion—I hope the last!—on which I played it with others may be helpful.

Three ladies, one of whom—I can no longer conceal the fact—was the present writer, were seated upon the most comfortable sofa in the room, and all of us were tugging at the same piece of conversation. Outwardly we were disguised as ladies; inwardly, however, we appeared much more like three puppies, growling at one another as they all contended for the same old rubber shoe. Each of us was intent, for purposes of her own, upon bearing the conversation off to a desired topic.

The lady on my left was hauling it away toward music, because she wanted presently to be able to toss off, apparently by accident, the information that she had just been having tea with a distinguished violinist. I am not musical, so I dug in with all four paws against that drift.

Besides, I had reasons for wishing the talk to take another turn, and also this lady and myself are old friends, so I was well aware why she was going off into the musical bypaths—all too often in the past has the veil of such chatter been rent to disclose herself and this celebrity at tea together.

I knew it so well that I could almost hear the pad, pad of her lion approaching the consummation of tea, through the jungle of her words.

The lady on my right was not interested in music, either. She was making little airy runs and snatches at the conversation, in an endeavor to deflect it toward the discussion of a new magazine, because she wished us to know—this transpired later—how delightfully intimate she was with its editor.

I, myself, seated in the center, dodged music and magazines, and tugged and tugged to get things going my way, because I was sure these two ladies would be interested to know that I had just had supper with The Soda of Potassium—not just tea, mind you, but *supper*—two helps all 'round, and more if you wanted it.

But, haul as we would, the exploiter of the musical lion beat us to it. Dexterously she twisted the conversation from between our very teeth, and slid gracefully to her base with, "I had always had a peculiar feeling about that concerto, and the last time I had tea with Skerchoo he said to me," and so forth, and so forth.

"Oh, did Skerchoo say *that!*" cried the lady on my other side, seeing an opening and hurtling for it. "Why, that's almost *exactly* what the editor of *Stuff* said to me when he took me to that quaintly dirty little teashop, The Snip and Snail. I wish you could have heard him that afternoon, my dear. He was absolutely adorable! So *different*—so—well, so tenderly brutal, if you know what I mean."

(Pad, pad. Heavens, another lion! Involuntarily I turned to my bearer for the second gun. But, after all, I did not shoot. If I killed theirs, they might kill mine.)

Smiling an outward smile, but walling an inward eye, I took a fresh mouthful of the conversation, and said, suppressing a faint growl:

"Speaking of tea; that reminds me of a little supper party that The Soda——"

Too late! Flicking the words away from me, the other two were off in a duet of clinked teacups and he-said-to-mes, with editor and musician. Goodness! How ludicrous they were!

Really, one cannot fail to be amused at this sort of thing. Still, amused as I was, I could not but wish they had been quiet long enough for me to tell them that really interesting remark The Soda of Potassium had made to me. I was about to make a second attempt to this end when another lady joined us and, with a deft wrench, swift and sure, carried the conversation away from the other two and landed it neatly in a certain large city. Why, I did not immediately grasp, but in a moment I caught a whiff of nigger-in-the-woodpile, or, rather, let me say, lion-in-the-conversation.

"Yes," she said sweetly, "it was when I was there this spring that I met the author of *Pink*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GREGORY

JIFFY-DINE

"Convertible in a Jiffy"

—note, please, what Helen Broyles has to say about it:

DEAR MR. & MRS. PUBLIC:

Are you a sufficient connoisseur of art or its related departments to appreciate the newest development in home furnishings? Then I want to tell you all about the new Jiffy-Dine—a combination library and dining table. You just pull a knob—up rises the top—pull out leaves from both sides—push the knob which drops the top, and you are ready to dine!

Pull knob to lift top

Never before in the history of furniture has there been such a worth while time-saving device. The Jiffy-Dine fits beautifully into the furnishings of the small apartment or bungalow—serves its dual purpose, and adds to the home that so greatly desired individual touch in home furnishings.

Draw out leaves

Perhaps yours is a nestling white cottage on a quiet, secluded street—or perhaps it is a smart downtown apartment, or even a picturesque country home. In this home, you want beauty—you have a desire to make it a delightful, heart-pleasing place. In such homes the Jiffy-Dine has a place all its own. It has slipped quietly into each setting, be it the tiny cottage, downtown apartment or country home—a lovely feature of a charming room. Day after day you find it a useful and satisfying thing. Then, when another service is required of it—it is ready at the moment's need. Your friends see it as a library table—and think it lovely. When your guests dine with you, they find it serving its two purposes admirably. You'll be surprised to know that this dignified little library table will easily seat eight people!

Push knob to drop top

The home furnisher will give the new Jiffy-Dine a hearty welcome, for it is indeed the newest and most satisfactory development in the furniture field.

The coupon, if you will kindly fill it in and mail to the manufacturer, will bring you a style folder and detailed particulars.

Cordially,

HELEN BROYLES

GREGORY FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO.
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Gentlemen: I shall appreciate a copy of your folder, illustrating the various styles of the Gregory "Jiffy-Dine."

Name .....

Address .....

Furniture Dealer .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

Depressions, and he said to——"

But she only had it her way for a moment. Realizing what she was up to, the other ladies took fresh gobbles of the conversation, and between them all it was snatched hither and yon, with——

"Yes, but just let me tell you what Skerchoo said——"

"Oh, but my dear, I have it straight from the editor of Stuff himself——"

"*Stuff Himself?* I never heard of that magazine. I must remember to ask the author of *Pink Depressions* about it."

HEAVENS! Listen to the women! No wonder that wood fire, eavesdropping there on the hearth, crackled to itself and exchanged winks with the floor over the vanity of human nature. Such egotism is absolutely revolting to me.

Besides, think what these foolish women were missing; if they would just listen one little moment I could tell them about that very interesting supper party, and that I not only know The Soda of Potassium himself but am very intimate indeed with his younger brother, that delightfully wild young fellow, Carbonate. Editors, writers, and musicians, indeed! What are they compared to Sodas?

But how could these vulgar chatterers know that the quiet, well-bred lady seated so unostentatiously right there between them has such distinguished celebrities on her visiting list? They couldn't know it, of course, unless I told them!

"But you *must* hear about The Soda of Potassium!" I cried at the top of my lungs. Too loud. They did not even know I had spoken. Realizing that a dropped voice is often more effective, I turned to one of them, and said softly, as for her alone—and at this I was gratified to observe the other two pricking up their ears—"My dear, it was at a little supper party, very exclusive——"

Foiled again! Because they thought I was trying to conceal it, I had almost made them hear what I had to say; but at this vital moment a fifth lady, with no regard whatever to what had gone before or what might follow after, jumped into the very middle of our conversation—which just then promised so well—with inside information in regard to a certain political scandal which she had obtained "in absolute confidence from a source so high up, my dear, I hardly like to mention it——" However, she did.

I saw a sixth lady approaching, and I saw a seventh and an eighth, and every one of them was intent upon maneuvering the conversation so that it might register her own particular lion. I rose and, with quiet and dignified reserve, made my escape.

And this, dear reader, is the game of lion-in-the-conversation as played at almost any party or simple gathering all over this wide world. But you will readily perceive that a woman of the writer's reserved good breeding is scarcely a success at such a game.

They managed all this sort of thing much better at the time of the war. I have lately been informed by an acquaintance of a club that they had in Washington during that period at which a regular rate was charged for the introduction of lions. If a new member mentioned the name of a celebrity in any way connecting it with himself he was instantly warned, "You will have to pay twenty-five cents for that." If, after that, he persisted, and further indulged himself with the expensive words, "And he" (the lion) "said to me," a gavel fell, and a loud voice proclaimed, "Every word you speak from now on costs you *one dollar*."

Now this seems to me a sensible way of doing it. You paid your money and got your lion through the gate. It was all placed, where it should be, on a sound financial basis, instead of being, as it is now, all a hit or miss.

A little machine could easily be installed at any social gathering which would tick off the number of words used. Gas meters, taxi meters; why not lion meters?

But at present the whole business is deplorably managed. So much so that I went home from that particular party an embittered woman, and I have even gone so far as to make a grim resolution—— Hear me while I swear:

I WILL never again attempt to drag, twist, snatch, or divert the conversation in the direction of any lion with whom I may have partaken any food, be that food luncheon, dinner, afternoon tea, breakfast, cocktails, or even so small a matter of nourishment as an educator cracker.

This for me is a very drastic oath indeed, for I have always freely admitted among my intimates, and now I have decided to make it public, that——

I *like* to be a lion,
  And with the lion's claw,
A salted almond in my mouth,
  A teacup in my paw;
And if they praise the things I've writ,
  Some eager him or her,
I do not lash my tail and spit—
  I arch my neck and purr.

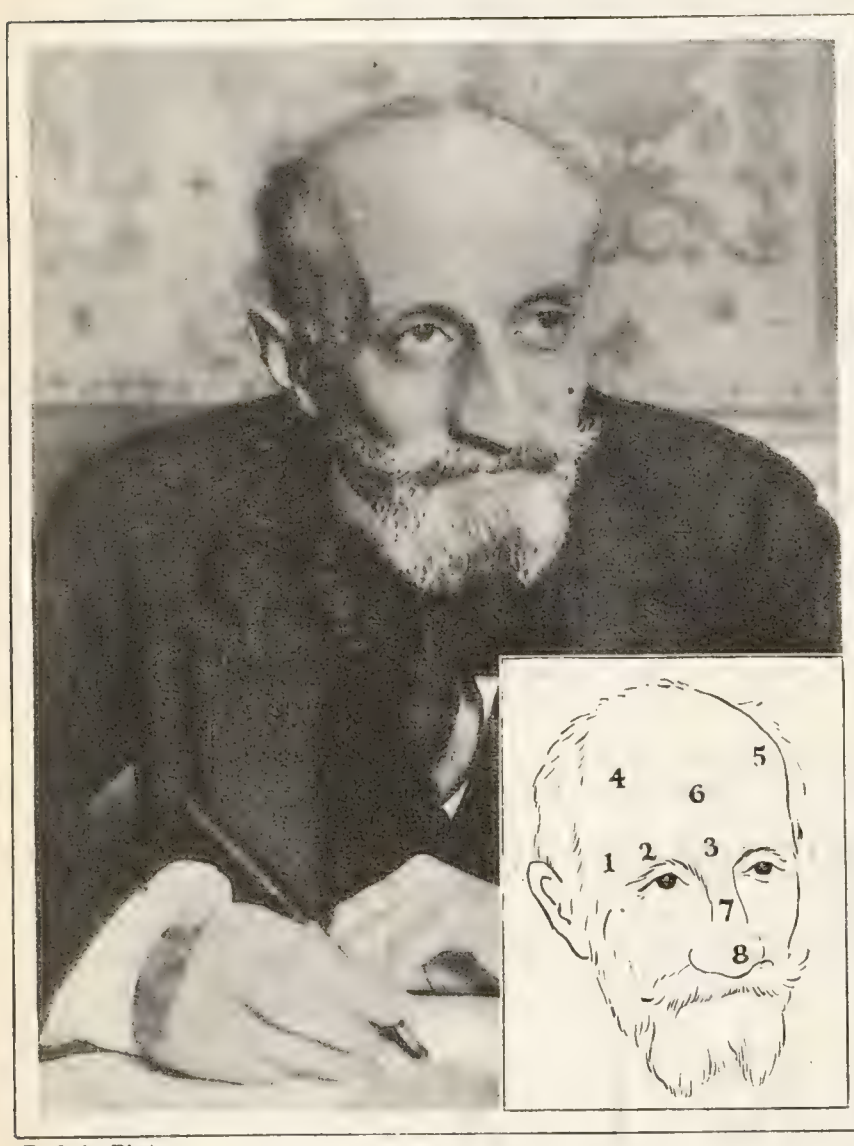
And I must say it is still a regret to me that those ladies at the party were left in ignorance of the fact that I had had supper with The Soda of Potassium—not just *tea*, mind you, but supper—two helps all 'round, and more if you wanted it. Well, anyway, if they read this, they'll know it!

THE END

ARE You Satisfied That You Are in the Right Business? Would You Have Made a Greater Success in Some Other Line of Endeavor? And What About Your Children—How Will Their Careers Be Fixed? Your Face Is Really Your Fortune, if You Obey the Rules of Vocational Psychology, Says Dr. Julian Pennington, in the Following Article, Entitled—

DOES YOUR JOB FIT YOU?

By CHARLES A. FELL



P. & A. Photo.

Kadel & Herbert Photo

HOW IT IS DONE

HERE are the photographs of two well-known men, prominent in widely divergent fields. Doctor Pennington did not know who these men were when the photographs were laid before him.

In the picture of the bearded man the sunken temple (1) indicates to the analyst that in music the subject is deficient in tone production, but, being very square at 2, he would have a systematic habit of mind. The prominent eye indicates language, and the prominence at 3 shows a positive personality. The fullness at the sides of the upper forehead (4 and 5) shows scope of imagination, with the tendency to compare and contrast, as shown by the fullness at 6. A convex nose (7) shows a nature that desires to assert itself. The back head indicates pride in combat and so does the fullness of the upper nose, while the distance from 3 to 8, being long, implies caution.

This man is M. de Fleuriau, French ambassador at London.

In the other picture the shape of the forehead at 1 shows imagination and at 2 personality and intensity, there being a fullness at both points. In music he is very high in technique, as shown by the prominence of the formation at 3, and pronounced in tone quality as indicated by the diameter of the temple (4), together with the fullness of the throat and the wide-open appearance of the shell of the ear. The setting of the nose is that of a singer, while the firm lips show controlled emotions. The length of the upper lip (5) indicates he takes his work seriously and is inclined to close application, while the setting of the chin (6) gives attention to details.

The subject is Feodor Chaliapin, the Russian singer.

"NINETY per cent of our young people choose their life work by guess, irrespective of their mental talents," Roger W. Babson, noted business expert, asserted on one occasion, "with the result that America has an appalling number of 'round pegs in square holes'—vocational misfits." "Needlessly," according to Dr. Julian Pennington, pupil of the great Prof. Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard and a student of vocational psychology for eighteen years.

Doctor Pennington has been called the most widely known authority on vocational psychology in this country. He has been for years a vocational consultant, has served in that capacity in court and to State institutions, has made vocational decisions on a large number of great corporations, and as adviser to the United States Veterans' Bureau. The particular undertaking he now has in hand is establishing a free clinic at Birmingham, Alabama, in which he has the cooperation of that city's educational, civic, and service organizations.

"If my many years as vocational psychologist have taught me one lesson that stands out more prominently than another, it is that each of us—every person—is peculiarly fitted for a definite kind of work, and that success is largely a matter of finding the kind of work for which we are peculiarly fitted," says Doctor Pennington.

This rule for success has its bedrock in vocational psychology, according to Doctor Pennington. And applied vocational psychology is, primarily, the ability to know one's self.

"How many persons do know themselves?" the psychologist asks.

"Some time ago a train on which I was traveling was delayed, with the result that I was late in arriving to deliver a scheduled lecture. Meanwhile the chairman of the meeting entertained about six hundred persons present by asking questions about their vocations. Among other things, he asked that every man stand who had found he was misplaced in his first vocation. Of the six hundred, more than four hundred stood. It was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

There's ever a witchery in fine hosiery that is shared by no other apparel. It expresses and reveals so much, that men and women are never well-dressed until they are well-stockinged. And now that desirable attainment can be had at *small cost*. Phoenix hosiery has worked a new economy in the world. To the allurement of lovely color and sure-fitting shapeliness, it has added a long-mileage serviceability that is peculiarly its own.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

shown further that many of these men had wasted much time attempting to find themselves. More than one hundred and fifty had changed their vocations as many as three times."

The reason for this condition in American life is comprehensible enough, Doctor Pennington finds.

"Years ago," he says, "selecting a vocation was comparatively easy, because there were not so many fields. Now we have a day of specialization, with the result that there are hundreds of vocations open to the young man, and competition is so keen that unless one enters the work best fitting his abilities, he cannot hope to get the most out of himself or his job.

"THE vocations, broadly speaking, fall into three classes. One group requires mechanical ability; another artistic ability, and the third business ability. Add to your natural ability your personal traits—your personality—and you have the sum total of your qualification for a given vocation. By this latter thought regarding personality I mean that some vocations are for the timid, some for those who are not 'good mixers,' and some for those who have much self-confidence and self-assertiveness.

"Suppose, for instance, President Coolidge had fallen into salesmanship, a calling requiring much talk and self-assertiveness. With all his mentality he would have been a miserable failure. His highest mental trait is analysis; so he fits into the analytical profession of law.

"The task of assisting the boy or girl in finding the right vocation is not difficult if it is approached systematically and with tact. First eliminate all the vocations that certainly should not be considered. This makes the final analysis simple.

"Try to go to the bottom of the child's likes and dislikes, not only to catalogue them, but to understand somewhat the history of those which are most important. Study these systematically. They will give a new insight into the child's vocational leaning.

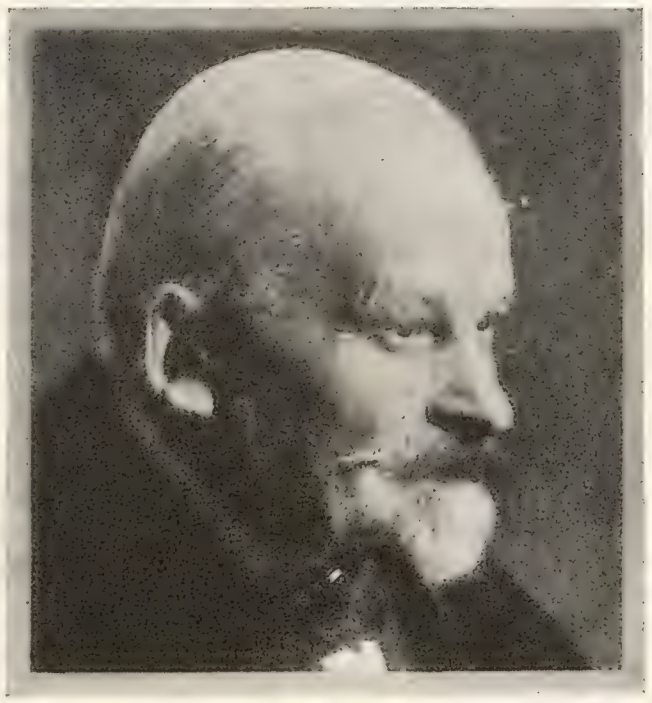
"Lowell says: 'It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough.' Bearing this in mind, our ambition should be to find our place where we can serve best, instead of selecting the 'position' which sounds best.

"When a boy whose family pride and purse exceed his academic comprehension has tasted university life—life rather than study—it is a difficult thing for him to have an open mind when looking for the type of work he can do best. There may be several vocations which will fit his mind exactly, but they do not sound big enough. The society he 'moves in' dictates that he become a great international consulting engineer, or some other great international something.

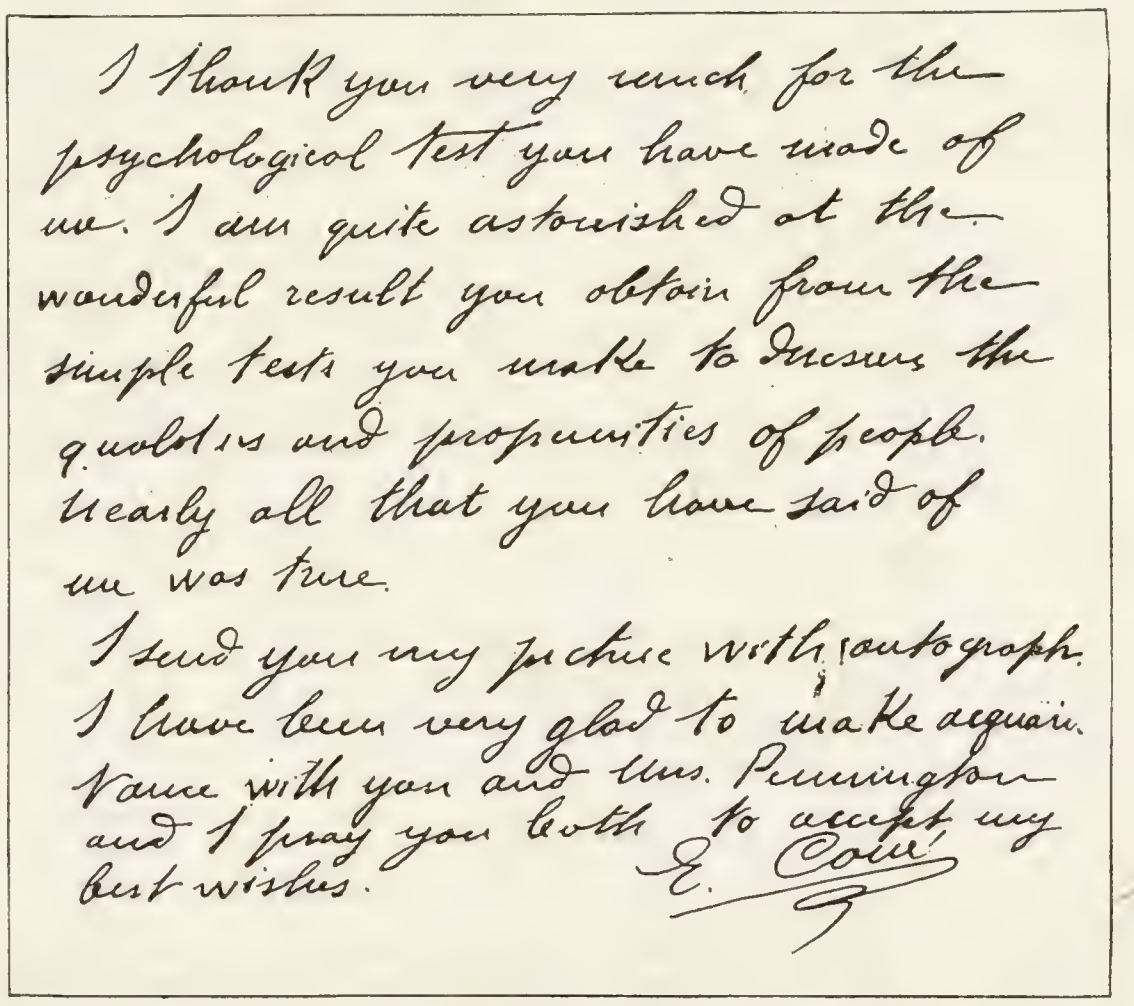
"These boys usually wish to begin at the top. They wish to reach the summit without the climb. They do not realize that there is no elevator to success."

Emile Coue, the great French psychologist, was a visitor to Doctor Pennington's clinic on his last visit to America. The little Frenchman was put through the gaits of vocational psychology, and when he was shown the result of the analysis he declared the examination "the most extraordinary of his American experiences."

"It is hardly possible," said M. Coue, "for one who has not had the test to believe a system could be so extraordinarily accurate."



International Photo



I thank you very much for the psychological test you have made of me. I am quite astonished at the wonderful result you obtain from the simple tests you make to discern the qualities and propensities of people. Nearly all that you have said of me was true.

I send you my picture with autograph. I have been very glad to make acquaintance with you and Mrs. Pennington and I pray you both to accept my best wishes.

E. Coué

Emile Coue, the famous French authority on auto-suggestion (above) and a portion of a letter he wrote, after his last visit to America, to Dr. Julian Pennington, at whose hands he had undergone a vocational test.

Doctor Pennington found M. Coue to be a man lacking in business ability; declared he would be lost without a capable secretary or business manager; that he is not self-assertive and not an executive. His imagination is tremendous. His ideals are high. His ability to create mental pictures is pronounced.

M. Coue once was a chemist, but the test he took in Doctor Pennington's clinic showed he is far more interested in human nature than in chemistry. In music he has time, but very small tone quality, and for that reason cannot play. He is wholly sincere. Imagination is far higher in him than mathematics, and philosophy in the ascendant over science.

Miss Katherine Barton, M. Coue's secretary, inquired what there was in her employer that made him famous for his abilities in auto-suggestion.

"M. Coue," Doctor Pennington explained, "unconsciously applies more than simple suggestion. He has a capacity for visualizing ideas and impressing through suggestion these ideas on the unconscious mind of others. His suggestions are so subtle as to reach almost the power of hypnosis. He can cause one to see what he sees, and feel what he feels, through this subtle suggestion, and thus stimulate within his subject a new view of health and other matters."

Doctor Pennington does not assert that vocational psychology is an exact science. But it is considerably better than a guess, he says.

And there is nothing mysterious about it—nothing secret Doctor Pennington desires for selfish reasons to keep from the world.

When Doctor Pennington sets out to analyze a person he will, on occasion, apply iridiagnosis as the first step—that is, study the details of the iris of the eye, which have an accepted medical value. But this he does only to determine biological and nervous characteristics. He uses on other occasions a sensitized blood pressure instrument—by which he reads emotional reactions.

Chiefly, however, Doctor Pennington relies upon psychological questions, by which he obtains every bit of information the subject can give upon himself in conversation, determining his likes and dislikes, inclinations, education, and such. That and the facial characteristics of the subject tell the story of his vocational aptitude.

Of the facial characteristics, for instance, long study has shown, Doctor Pennington says, that art is indicated in a general way by a pronounced development of the middle temple, wide-set eyes and soft-curved features. Sunken temples will indicate unerringly a lack of musical ability. A long, straight, narrow nose shows caution.

A PERSON'S perceptive ability will be indicated by the development of the lower third of the forehead; his retentive, or memory, ability by the middle third of the forehead, and the reflective by the upper third. A sloping forehead indicates quick thinking, while the straighter, higher upper forehead shows reflectiveness.

The mental characteristics show in the development of the front and top of the head; the physical in the development of the middle back of the head. The animal in one's nature is shown by the degree of protrusion at the point where the spine joins the base of the skull.

Persons who are sociable by nature have a prominence in the very backs of their heads where the hat brim crosses the rear of the head. Their lips are rather mediumly full and red, and the mouth mobile and expressive. The eye is positively sociable and the upper lip is only mediumly long.

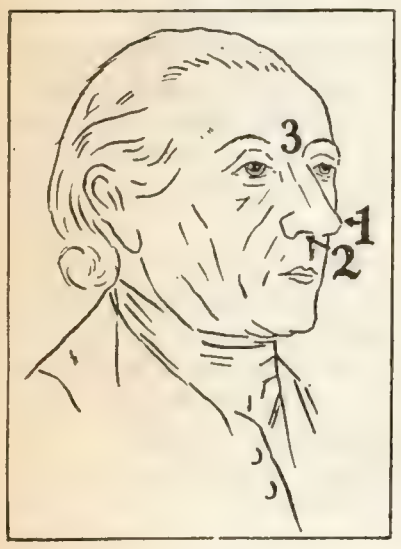
A person whose head is flat in the back requires some very powerful other trait to offset the natural tendency to be nonsocial. On the other hand, people may have a full back head, showing sentiment, and have such a long, stiff upper lip as to render it a bit hard to show the sociability they actually feel.

A person whose face is bony and angular is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

not so inclined to be impulsive as one whose face and head are round. Curved features usually belong to some type of impulse. It may be the artistic impulse or the ordinary type of "hurry." A convex profile implies some impulse.



By way of illustration, look at the nose in the picture at the left:

The nose here is rather long and decidedly pointed. These characteristics, taken with the outward extension of the nose from where it branches from the upper lip (2) to (1), shows pronounced curiosity. This man will be found "poking around" into everything with which he comes in contact. Personality is indicated by (3), but the bulge there is not unusual and, therefore, the personality is not particularly pronounced.

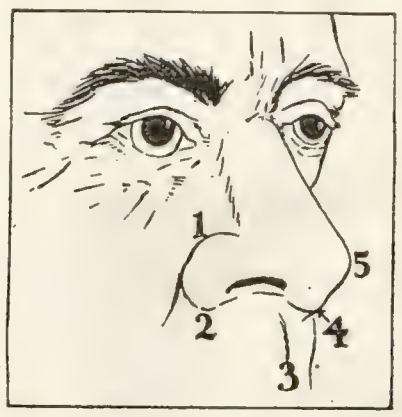
Another illustration:

Here is a great mathematician. When the forehead (1 to 3) is wide and there is a solid structure at the outer corner of the eye at the line 4, there is mathematical ability. High imagination is indicated by the protrusion at the point indicated by 2. The width from 8 to 9 indicates high analysis. The prominence at 7 indicates constructive thought and the prominence at 5 indicates a positive personality. The distance from 5 to 6, being long, shows caution. The prominent chin (10) indicates ability for details.

Turning to women, study this picture:

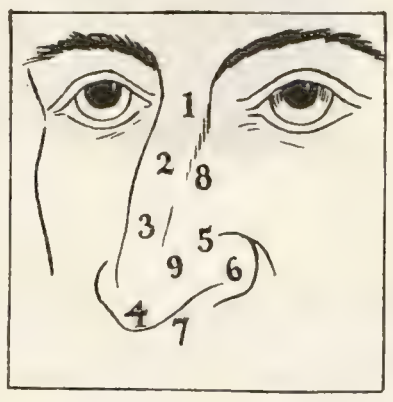
If your wife's head is very high at 3 and low at 4, with a nose solid and firm and broad at the root (2), Doctor Pennington will tell you she is just plain, everyday stubborn, and there's no getting away from it.

Noses tell a great deal. The one, for instance, in the next picture. If the man with this nose and the woman of the type just indicated came together, there would be trouble. This nose will argue. Wherever this member of the facial features is short and stubby and is reinforced at the side of the face by a tight-winding muscle at 1, with further reinforcement at 2, and the end is blunt as shown by 4 and 5, there is marked tendency to argue. If, in addition to this, there is a long, stiff upper lip as shown by 3, the argumentative turn of mind will have the tendency to be dogmatic.



Again, regarding noses:

If a strange man comes into your place of business to cash a check, remember this nose. It is long from 1 to 4, with a hook in it from 2 to 3 and a hollow ridge indicated at 8 and 9; the nose is pressed tightly against the face at the bottom (5, 6, and 7). Doctor Pennington's advice is to trade in cash only with the man having this sort of nose. If its owner gives you a check, take charge of his automobile until the check has been cleared by the bank. At the same time you run a great risk of the automobile being somebody else's car. Study this nose carefully, as it is not the same as that called the Roman, or hooked, nose.



KNOWLEDGE of these things, Doctor Pennington says, is the function of study of the psycho-physical, which field is open to any who may want to enter it.

"What can you draw best—houses, machinery or pictures; or do you prefer to work with colors?" Doctor Pennington will ask his subject, or

"Do you feel within yourself a great emotion, and do you have a feeling to express it in dancing, painting, music or writing?

"Do you like outdoor or indoor games?

"When you speak or write, do you give bare facts or do you desire to arrange your language beautifully?

"Are you fond of details, work which requires you to do minute things?"

The answers to such questions may indicate in part natural ability in drawing, either mechanical or otherwise; the physical arts, literature, or the grosser things of life; or they may indicate orderliness or the opposite.

The ability to determine these things is not exclusive, in Doctor Pennington or any other person, he says. It requires a study of the psycho-physical, of course, and also careful, perfectly honest self-analysis. Of the latter phase, here, roughly, is the way one would go about self-application of the principle:

Imagine yourself at the forks of a road, with three roads before you. One road is mechanics. another is business and another is art.

Are you more artistic than commercial? Or are you more commercial than mechanical? Take a sheet of paper and form on it three columns. At the head of one write the word ART. Under this heading list every reason you can think of for being artistic. Language, expression, love of things beautiful, love of music, painting, dancing—all these belong in this column, even though you may not be able to do these things.

In the second column, headed BUSINESS, write all the traits you have which relate to business. If you like to enter into competition, this is a business trait. If you like to trade, to buy and sell, convince people in matters pertaining to financial gain, these are business traits. If you enjoy handling and directing men, getting things done; if you like to shoulder responsibility, these, too, belong here.

The third column is MECHANICS. Mechanical talents express themselves in many ways, but the mechanic likes to "look into" things, not because of a curious turn of mind but because things which are put together interest him. He likes to work with his hands and to understand mechanical contrivances. As a boy he liked to take things to pieces and, if his constructive nature was high, put them together again.

Very often boys who have analytical minds and who like to undertake things that challenge their analysis misunderstand this as a mechanical inclination. At present there are thousands of boys planning to become electrical engineers because they have a temporary interest in radio. There was a time when most boys wanted to be mechanical engineers. There are vocational epidemics, just as there are epidemics of smallpox or scarlet fever.

BUT, going back to the three lists of traits: When a boy (and this relates to girls as well) discovers he is better suited for the commercial field than for the mechanical or artistic, the first thing to decide is whether he can deal best with people or materials.

The adaptability to handle materials may lead to many kinds of office work, laboratory research, mechanical branches, chemistry, dental mechanics, drafting, illustrating, etc.

Adaptability to handling people leads to selling, hotel work, politics, law, the ministry, social service, organizing, teaching, and the like.

Carrying the search for traits a little further, if the subject is analytical he will be better suited for the vocations where caution and investigation are necessary before reaching conclusions. In such vocations rapidity is less needed than reflection; enthusiasm not so necessary as following statistics, conditions, and the like. A credit man or a buyer of goods needs analysis more than enthusiasm.

A person who is artistic will have a rather large eye. The brows are curves, and so are all the features of the face. Rosa Ponselle's face is typical of this. Some types of art require mechanical ability (Ignace Paderewski's, for instance), which modifies the artistic curve, but the face is, in every case, the artistic type.

The mechanical face is angular. The bones are angular, and if the mechanical ability is of very high type there should be mathematical ability, shown by a decided thickness between the temple and the outer edge of the eye. William G. McAdoo would probably make a good mechanic.

Usually the commercial head is wide from ear to ear, with the back temples full, with a top forehead that rounds off, as contrasted with a square forehead. Such features are found in the pictures of Carnegie, Roosevelt, Wanamaker, Edison, and others, all of whom have exhibited organizing ability.

Such is vocational psychology as Doctor Pennington describes and applies it.

THE END

John L. Sullivan

Charlie ("Parson") Davies, one of the most famous characters in Chicago's sporting world. He was instrumental in bringing Sullivan to Chicago for his battles with James Dalton and Jack Burns.

Richard K. Fox, owner of the Police Gazette, who hated Sullivan for his independence. Fox backed Ryan for $5,000 to beat Sullivan. Ryan lost the championship and Fox lost $5,000.

The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

By Joe Dorney, Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years, and Sid Sutherland

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

The Fight *on the* Barge

To the present generation "John L." is but a name; a myth to be mentioned with the ancient Greek heroes, Hercules and Achilles. But there are many men alive today to whom the huge fighter from Boston still is the "King of Them All." His meteoric career, his incredible power and strength, his fantastic adventures, and his strange love story are revealingly told in this fascinating story of his life by Joe Dorney, for many years the personal friend and advisor of the Boston Strong Boy. Mr. Sutherland, well-known sports writer, has collaborated with Mr. Dorney in the transcribing of his memories.

Previous installments have told the story of Sullivan's early life, of his first professional prize fight, of his growing popularity because of the rugged honesty of his battles and his willingness to fight "for money or marbles or nothing at all." His devastating progress through the heavyweight ranks left nothing but victims strewn along his path, and when he appeared one day in New York with an offer of $50 to any man whom he could not knock out in four rounds, the country gasped. Sullivan made good, and New Yorkers clamored for a battle between Sullivan and Flood, who was the greatest heavyweight in Gotham at that time. What John L. did to Flood is told in this installment.

THE MORNING after Sullivan's first fight in New York all the newspapers in the country went wild about Sullivan's impressive defeat of Steve Taylor. And the next afternoon Jim Keenan, noted saloonkeeper, and George Law, the big Boston railroad man, met with Borst and Ned Mallahan, who staged bouts at the old Buckingham Palace in uptown New York. After a prolonged discussion and plenty of champagne in Harry Hill's place the stakes were put up. Billy Madden agreed with Barney Aaron and Dooney Harris, who handled John Flood's affairs, for the match to take place on May 16, 1881, the winner to take all the five thousand dollar stake.

Fate took Sullivan to Natick, Massachusetts, to train. There he improved his boxing by working with Joe Goss, former world's heavyweight champion; Danny Dwyer, and Steve Taylor. And there John L. met Annie Bates one night in a restaurant. A chorus girl with an occasional unimportant role, she was home on a visit. She told Sullivan she had seen him in Boston and had witnessed his New York debut at Hill's. John was amused by her Broadway slang and sophisticated comments. She was frankly interested in Sullivan, in his prospects, his spreading fame—and she was a woman who entertained no doubts as to what she wanted or how to get it. They parted very good friends.

Meantime, in New York, the arrangements for the Flood-Sullivan contest were being perfected. When Madden learned the odds were nearly three to one against the Strong Boy he decided Flood's backers were out to frame Sullivan.

A large excursion barge was chartered, and a fussy little tug drew it up beside a wharf in the Hudson River at Forty-second Street on the morning of the sixteenth. Sullivan and his retinue reached New York about noon, and went aboard the barge at once, loafing and playing cards in the cabin until nightfall, when the fight followers began to sneak aboard. By nine o'clock some five hundred men had passed the inspection of the Flood men at the gangplank and the tug started up the river.

"Where are we going?" Sullivan asked.

"We're going to have trouble," Madden responded. "Did you notice that you, and Jim, and Goss, and Danny, and I are the only Boston people here? The rest of this mob is with Flood. I found out late this evening that all our crowd was sent over to the Forty-second Street wharf on the East River. And here we are, five against five hundred."

"Those odds are all right," said Sullivan. "I don't think they'll try anything. Who's the referee?"

"Not try anything!" exclaimed Billy. "The hell they won't. They're armed, and I heard 'em say they would rush the ring if Flood began to lose and toss you into the river. They tried to force Bill Tracey on me as referee, and wanted one of their gang to hold the stakes. Here they come now."

A group detached itself from the big crowd at the other end of the barge and approached Sullivan.

"Well, how about it?" one of them demanded. "Is Tracey going to referee this match or not?"

"He is not," said Madden, hotly. "Al Smith will act or there won't be any fight. And you'll put the stakes in the hands of Uncle Joe Elliott, sporting editor of the *Herald*."

"Say, don't you Boston fellers try to tell us what we'll——" began the other, when John L. stepped forward.

"Listen, brother," he said quietly. "Don't worry—there won't be any trouble. There will be a fight, and I hope your man will stick around for a few minutes. But Madden says Smith's going to referee, and he is. Get that? And Elliot will hold the money. And now you just come with me."

Sullivan stepped briskly along the rail, the others falling in behind in silence. When he reached the big crowd all noise ceased and they watched him. The light of the flaring torches was shielded from the river side by reflectors to prevent the police boat from finding the barge. The torches lit up the faces of a hard lot of specimens of early New York toughs. Flood, called the Bull's Head Terror, was a huge, powerful man about thirty years old. He stood in front surrounded by his friends. Sullivan pointed his finger straight at Flood's face.

"They tell me this is framed for you to win," he growled. "Now let me tell you bums something: We're going to fight exactly as we agreed, and the best man will win on the level. We've decided on the referee and the stakeholder and the ring is ready. So am I. If you don't want to get in there with me we can start right here, or we can step down into the cabin, you and me alone, and let the best man come out. And if any of your friends want anything they can find it right now or after I've beat your head off."

Sullivan turned and went to the ring, which had been roped off in front of the cabin, stripped to his tights, and crawled through the ropes. Then he turned and faced the silent crowd, a great wedge-shaped youth, huge arms

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

I am now at your personal service

Benny Leonard

UNDEFEATED LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

I HAVE retired from the ring, the undefeated lightweight champion of the world. Through clean living, clean fighting, clean training, I have won the esteem of a host of people, and, believe me, I don't purpose to lose that esteem. In fact, I am elated beyond words that I am now in a position to make a contribution for the benefit of the public—the same public which has been so good and so affectionate to me.

All through the years of my intensive preparation and training, first for winning the world's championship and then for holding it against all contenders, I employed, in addition to physical workouts, another policy which the world has never been told of. I can tell it now. It is this: I resorted to scientific study of the human anatomy through books. I don't know if ever a professional boxer did that before. The combination of all these things, the study of the body, the exceptional methods I myself discovered and perfected as a result of my own experimenting, the invaluable experience and opportunity for observation which was mine when I trained thousands upon thousands of Uncle Sam's Doughboys in the war, has enabled me to get at the bottom of this whole subject of physical fitness and culture. And I am going to pass on to the public the results of my findings in the shape of "The Benny Leonard System of Promoting Physical Fitness."

Whether you have ever taken physical culture courses, by mail or in gyms, or not, you will be interested in my new practical methods. Because my system is designed to meet the needs of each individual. I adapt it to your requirements by study of your conditions, just as I first studied my own. If, for example, you want bigger muscles, I'll give them to you. If, on the other hand, you are just the normal human being who has no desire for performing feats of strength or for large, weighty muscles, but who does want a tingling, healthy body, scientifically attuned—a body of all-around championship fitness—that springy step, that sparkling eye, that deep chest, glowing cheek, firm hand-clasp, that "devil-may-care" feeling of confidence and "all's well with the world" spirit that makes for success—that wins you the respect of men and the adoration of women—if you want these, then you'll find in my system a long-felt want satisfied. Every living creature, no matter what his or her work may be, owes himself or herself good health and a sound body. You can get it and keep it with my system.

The BENNY LEONARD SYSTEM OF PROMOTING PHYSICAL FITNESS

Send for my free booklet-"NOW I CAN TELL YOU"-Use this

Alfred Austin Adv. Agency, N. Y. C.

It is impossible to tell you about my methods in this space, so I have set down my thoughts in a fascinating booklet, entitled "Now I Can Tell You"—which tells you all about it. If you are already a physical culture fan you will find it entirely different than anything you've ever read on the subject. And, if you are not, you will find it loaded with human interest and many sidelights about my colorful career, which information alone will repay you the minute it will take you to write me to send you a copy. Use this blank; mail it to me today—right now—while it's on your mind.

Send this coupon at once. I will answer personally.

Benny Leonard

G P O Box 474 (Dept. 9A 4) New York, N. Y.

Entire Contents of this advertisement copyrighted 1925

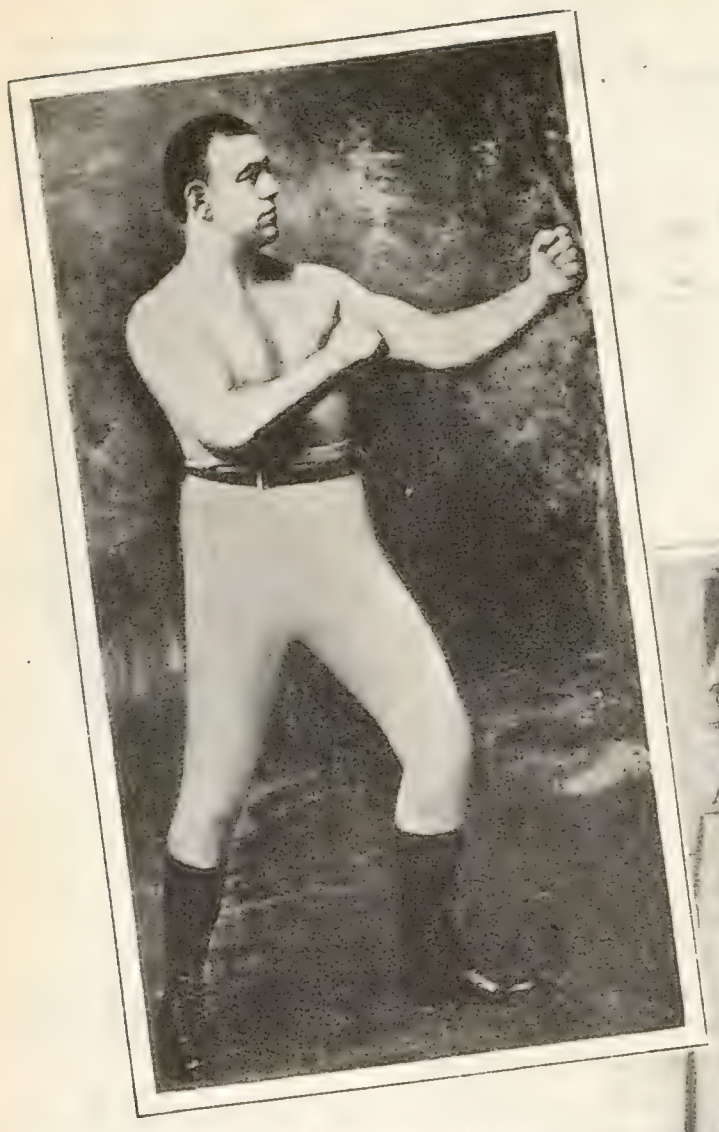
BENNY LEONARD
G P O Box 474 (Dept. 9A 4) New York, N. Y.

Sounds to me that your booklet, entitled "Now I Can Tell You" must contain some mighty interesting reading matter. Will you please send me a copy? I enclose 10c (either stamps or coin) to help cover costs of getting this book out and sending it. There's no obligation.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....



John L. Sullivan, as he looked when he met Flood. This picture of John L. was given away with cigarette packages during the eighties all over the country.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

folded, eyes gazing blackly at them, etched like a white statue against the river night by the flickering torches.

Flood and his friends glanced at each other without speaking. Then Al Smith, popular cafe owner and noted for his honesty and fearlessness, climbed in the ring and looked at Flood. The Bull's Head Terror stared a while, then began taking off his clothes, the throng rushing for the best places around the ropes and atop the cabin.

"IT was a strange night," Sullivan told me long after. "As I waited for Flood I could hear the crowd whispering, and scuffling, and cursing. Madden went among them betting our end of the purse. The choppy waters of the Hudson slapped against the side of the barge, the little tug puffing ahead. The stars were bright, with a cool breeze off the Palisades. The gangsters were drinking from bottles, smoking, and laughing.

"Somebody had tipped off the police boat to hunt for us around the Statue of Liberty or Staten Island, but we feared they might learn where we were before we could finish the job. Jimmy Wakely, a well-known Forty-second Street saloon man, who afterward became my manager and acted for me at the time I met Corbett, left the Flood bunch and joined us. He held a great coat over my shoulders and Goss rubbed my legs.

"We had some great times in those old days running from the authorities to stage our little parties. Sometimes we could lose the sheriff, sometimes we could bulldoze him, and sometimes we could bribe him. Once a sheriff brought along a piece of rope so we could tie him up, providing we tied him where he could see us fight. But we always put it over, even if we were arrested nearly every time and fined small sums by sympathetic judges.

"It was just such things as happened that night on the barge that made me resolve to popularize glove fighting and Queensberry rules so as to make pugilism less brutal. I wasn't a reformer, but I thought boxing was too fine and manly a sport to be lost to America because of the tough elements that ran it when I began."

The barge came to a stop off Yonkers just as Flood entered the ring. There were no instructions, and the referee clapped his hands for the fight to begin.

It was a rough affair while it lasted, but it was the same old story—the great Boston Strong Boy defeated the Pride of New York. There was nothing flukey about Flood's claim to a fighting reputation, and he did his best for a few rounds. But his best was far inferior to the ability of the greatest fighting machine of the age.

Flood landed a couple of times on Sullivan and tried to wrestle him down until the Big Fellow got the range, and then he began to drop under paralyzing smashes to the nose, mouth, chin, and body. Each time he fell the round ended, and after the half minute's rest they went to it again.

In the eighth round Flood, whose features were badly battered, made a lunge at Sullivan. The boat lurched just then, giving his rush terrific momentum—and he ran flush into a right drive that tore his lips to pieces and knocked out a half dozen teeth. He fell with a crash, rolled over, and straightened out, quivering and unconscious, his blood spreading slowly in a great dark pool along the oak boards under the glaring reflectors.

No one spoke as the referee looked at his watch. The barge rocked gently. His eyes turning gray again and his knuckles sliced and dripping blood, Sullivan stood quietly looking down on the twitching figure. How many hundreds of men was he to stand thus staring at on the floor at his feet, in the ring, on the stage, and in barrooms as the years went by! Then he lifted his head and looked at Ryan, who had won the championship from Goss and who was clutching the ropes near Flood's corner.

"Ready for yours, Paddy?" he asked, but Ryan merely shook his head.

The tug circled round and started downstream.

SEVERAL things happened the next day. First, John was arrested in Hill's place and fined five dollars. The judge, it appeared, had been at the ringside. Second, the newspapers carried columns about the dramatic affair, while the editorial writers wrote at great length about the brutality of prize fighting and the venal laxity of the police. Third, Sullivan heard that Flood was dying, so he went over to Cherry Hill (in New York City) and called on him. They shook hands in good humor and Sullivan left one hundred dollars under Flood's pillow. If you lost in those strenuous days you lost everything, including most of the purse. Fourth, Harry Hill, himself, told the Boston Boy when he came in that Ryan would have to fight him.

And, fifth, while they were discussing this angle of it, a stout man of medium height, with a large mustache, entered the saloon with a companion and sat down in one of the booths to order a drink. Hill went over to greet them.

"That's John L. Sullivan at the bar, Dick," he said. "You ought to back him against Ryan, and boost him in the paper, for he's got it on Paddy, sure as fate."

"What do you say, Colonel?" the visitor asked his companion.

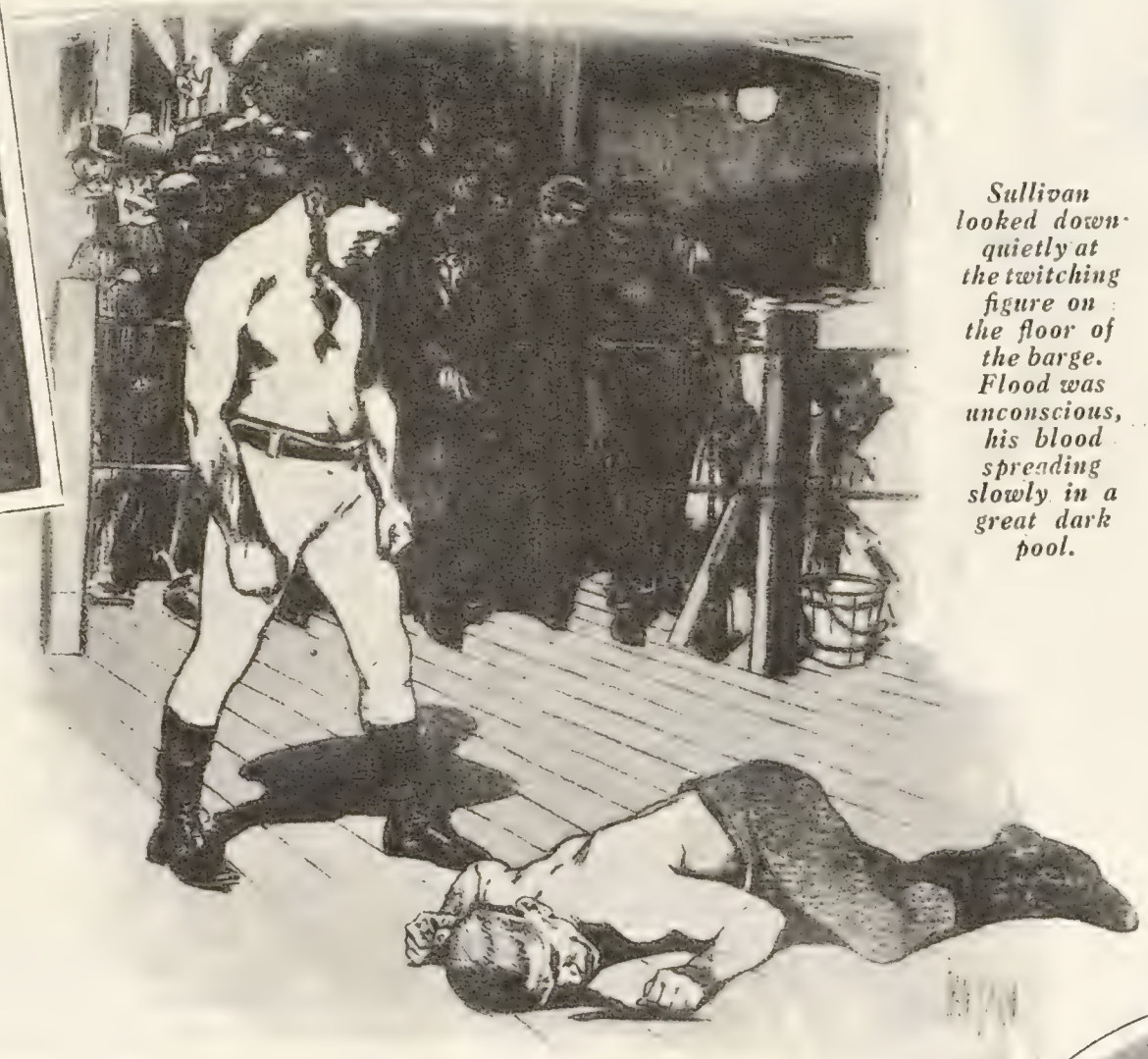
"Well, I don't know. Ryan's the champion, and this fellow isn't much of a boxer, they tell me, although he's a great fighter, as you saw yourself last night."

"Fetch him over and let's have a talk with him," said Dick.

Hill hurried over to the group at the bar.

"John," he said excitedly, "come over at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Sullivan looked down quietly at the twitching figure on the floor of the barge. Flood was unconscious, his blood spreading slowly in a great dark pool.

John Flood, the "Bull's Head Terror of New York," whom Sullivan knocked out in their historic fight on a barge on the Hudson River.

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

Those two Boys Chauncey and Will

I JUST saw a nice write up and Chauncey Depew's picture in all the papers where he told of his first watch, which was an Elgin. Said he kept it for years and somebody stole it on a New York Central train. (That's what he gets for riding on his own railroad.) What does he need a watch for, anyway; time means nothing to him. He was in The Follies the other day, and I introduced him and made him make a speech. He said, "I have been entertaining audiences for 91 years and have never found it necessary to use a Lariat yet." The old rascal hung one on me.

Now the moral of his story as I could gather it is, don't have an Elgin Watch; somebody will steal it. So my story is, carry 'Bull' Durham, they may borrow it, but nobody will steal it.

Now after looking at this, I don't know whether it is an ad for Elgin Watches, Chauncey Depew, The Follies or 'Bull' Durham.

Well, they are all good.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be a different piece in this paper two weeks from now. Look for it.

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor — more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bank roll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS
Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

'BULL' DURHAM

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

once. Richard K. Fox of the *Police Gazette* and his managing editor, Colonel Bill Harding, are over there in a booth and told me to fetch you over."

"Fetch me over!" said Sullivan, his face slightly flushed from several glasses of ale he had imbibed. "Who the hell is Fox to have me 'fetched over' like a plumber's helper? If he wants to see me it isn't any farther from there over here than it is from here over there."

"But you don't understand, John," Hill insisted. "Fox runs the fight game in New York and he can make or break you. You can do yourself a lot of good by going over and shaking hands."

"But I do understand, Hill," said Sullivan. "Fox may run the fight game in New York, but he can't make or break me, because the only man who can do that will have to do it with his fists, and he hasn't been born yet. He can do himself a lot of good by coming over and shaking my hand, because I'll give him plenty to put in his paper before I'm through and the people will buy it to read about me."

Hill shook his head in despair. He never told Fox what Sullivan said, but some tattle-tale in the group did, and Fox and Colonel Harding decided to back Ryan and break Sullivan.

FOLLOWING the victory over Flood, Sullivan was deluged with offers from many cities. He went on a stage tour and stopped a number of locally celebrated characters, but their names are merely variations of the alphabet so far as general interest goes. It is necessary, however, to mention that he whipped Fred Crossly in a punch, because it took place in Arthur Chambers's place in Philadelphia, and Chambers, a tiny Englishman who had held the lightweight title for several years, soon joined Sullivan's entourage and was the only man of whom it might be said John L. was afraid!

Strange, isn't it, that the one man for whom it can be truly claimed that he actually didn't know the definition of the word fear was actually timid in the presence of a little old man who weighed seventy-five pounds less and whom the Strong Boy could have broken with one hand! But, drunk or sober, in good mood or angry, no matter where he was or what he was doing, Chambers had only to walk upon the scene and beckon with one finger and the greatest fighter in the world would trot meekly along.

Chambers had another claim to real fame—it was he who really wrote the modern boxing rules. They are known as the Marquis of Queensberry rules, because that British peer, a noted patron of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

May Breath FREE

Send coupon for a box

Now Pure Breath

wherever, whenever you need it

A breath pure as Maytime—instantly!

MAY BREATH is science's newest contribution to protect against a grave social offense. It is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; a scientific purifier, not a mere perfume that cries out your effort at concealment.

You carry it with you wherever you go. Let a single tablet dissolve in your mouth — that's all. Your breath will breathe the fragrance of Maytime.

* * *

Bad breath is a universal offense. The causes are many and hard to avoid.

Certain foods cause it. Smoking is another cause; decaying food in the mouth another, stomach disorders, etc.

No one is immune. Few realize they have it. Careful people guard against it. This in fairness to themselves and their friends.

* * *

The object of May Breath is to provide *constant* protection.

It comes in thin tin boxes that you carry with you. *No matter what the cause* of your bad breath, May Breath corrects it.

Never go to a dance, theatre, to any social gathering, without first taking this simple precaution.

A box free

Let us give you a box to try. You will be delighted. Simply use the coupon.

May Breath is now on sale in Canada.

M-176

GOOD FOR A 15c BOX

Fill in your name, then mail this coupon for a 15c box of May Breath free.

Name.....

Address.....

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto

Only one box to a family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

sport, brought them out in 1865 to stop the brutality of the earlier code.

Chambers, who died less than two years ago, was with Sullivan from July, 1881, when he beat Crossly, until ten years after he lost the title to Corbett in 1892, and to the end he exercised that strange dominance which neither he nor John would ever discuss.

While on the barnstorming trip, during which John was offering—and never having to pay—fifty dollars to any man he could not stop in four rounds, Madden received a letter from Charlie ("Parson") Davies, one of the most celebrated characters that ever appeared in the sporting world, to bring Sullivan to Chicago, that they had a couple of heavyweights out there that could stop the meteoric career of the Boston Strong Boy who had become world famous in his spectacular efforts to force Ryan into a match.

Famous sporting characters from all over the world attended the heavyweight championship battle between Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson on July 4, 1910, at Reno, Nevada. In this picture are shown, from left to right, Frank Hall, Sullivan's manager; John L. Sullivan, Robert Edgren, well-known sports writer, and Stanley Ketchel, who, in the few short years of his life, became the greatest middleweight the world had ever seen. Three months after this picture was taken Ketchel was killed by a bullet fired by a crazed farm hand.

MADDEN went to Chicago, and what he found there caused him no little uneasiness, for he wrote Sullivan, who was visiting his folks in Roxbury—after spending a day at Natick with Annie Bates—to go to Chicago, but to get ready for his hardest battles "with a Capt. James Dalton, the toughest pugilist-sailor that ever cleaned up the Chicago river front, and Jack Burns, the Michigan Giant."

At the station to meet John were Madden, Tommy Chandler, Billy Sullivan, who became a State Senator; Mike Goggin, a Boston friend, and Frank Hall. Hall ran several theaters and a saloon and long afterward became Sullivan's manager.

John introduced me to him in 1908, and he hired me as press agent. He was a shrewd, honest, thrifty chap, and he was largely responsible for John's taking a permanent seat on the "water wagon."

Madden seemed gloomy as he shook Sullivan's hand that first day in Chicago, in August, 1881.

"Dalton is a tugboat captain when he isn't fighting in the ring," he said, on the way to their South Clark Street hotel. "And he's tough, believe me! And this Michigan Giant is six feet seven inches tall. To make it worse, lots of the sports here doubt whether you can fight, and they're trying to cut the purses down."

"Chicago's got to have something new, just like New York, eh?" John observed. "Well, we'll fix 'em up one."

The next morning Sullivan and his friends went to Mike McDonald's saloon and gambling resort at No. 180 South Clark Street. Mike took one look at the quietly dressed, unmarked, rather reserved youth who ordered a small glass of ale.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "Is this bank clerk the famous Boston Strong Boy? Say, you must have shrunk a lot since I saw you beat Donaldson in Cincinnati."

"I strip big," responded Sullivan, with a smile.

"I know; but, good Lord, Madden, this kid hasn't got the chance of the dead man's hand against Dalton and Burns! I like to gamble, but I don't crave putting up five hundred dollars for a hall and other expenses to stage a one-sided battle that'll ruin me in this town."

"So you've got to have a new toy, I see," John put in. "Never mind what I mean by that. Let's see. I'll tell you what I'll do: have you got a few husky birds from the stockyards or the mills that you'd like to get polished off, free gratis? If I can't whip about three of your toughest ones in less than five minutes you needn't put me on with Dalton and Burns or pay my expenses coming out here."

"Sure; that's a swell hunch, Mike," Chandler put in, excitedly. "We can take 'em up to my place tomorrow night. Take my word, he can fight: I was the third man he met, and Madden says he's a hundred per cent better now."

Mike agreed, and he and Chandler dug up three of the toughest sluggers that the slugging town of Chicago ever boasted. They all met in Chandler's place upstairs over the Open Board of Trade, at the southwest corner of Clark and Washington Streets, where the Conway skyscraper stands today.

MCDONALD, surrounded by the elite of Chicago's night life, held his watch as Madden helped John pull on the skin-tight gloves.

"All right, Mike," Sullivan said. "Toss the first one in."

"Go!" cried Mike.

A whirlwind rush by the longshoreman, both arms swinging; a sudden twinkle of Sullivan's feet as he sidestepped and then took one pace forward, his right whipping up from his hip to land with terrific impact on the chin—and the big bruiser crashed to the floor in a tangle of arms and legs and spurting blood.

"Bring on the next!" Chandler yelled, as John stood back.

Victim number two came in more reluctantly, but the Strong Boy was on him like a panther, dancing around him with such dazzling speed that the bewildered stockyards killer never saw the left hook which hit him under the left ear and stretched him out like one of his own beeves.

"Hey, wait a minute!" McDonald cried, excitedly, as Sullivan held out his hands for Madden to remove the gloves. "There's three minutes left and one more of 'em you've got to whip."

"There aren't any more to whip," John replied, laughing. "Number three's half way home now. The free show's all over, gents."

The third man had disappeared, but Mike and the crowd were satisfied. The next day McDonald put up the money to rent McCormick Hall, at the northeast corner of Clark and Kinzie Streets, later the Star Theater, where Jack McCormick knocked out Kid McCoy years after. Parson Davies had the lease, and he boosted the show earnestly up to the night Sullivan and Captain Dalton climbed into the ring, about the middle of August, 1881.

McCormick Hall was jammed, and the crowd saw one of the greatest fights, for Dalton had been hailed as the toughest foe the Boston Strong Boy had yet met.

Dalton deserved his reputation, and he fought like a tiger; but no tiger ever whipped a cyclone, and he went down and out in the fourth round under a savage volley which brought the big throng to its feet with howls of partisan fury. They had quite a time bringing Dalton to, and Parson Davies and Mike McDonald urged Sullivan to stay in the ring until the police could disperse the spectators and the huge mob outside, which had heard that Dalton was dead.

Sullivan refused, and pushed his way roughly through the crowd to his dressing room and then out into the street. He sneered at those nearest, who were brandishing their fists and cursing, and forced an aisle down the sidewalk to his hack. Later Sullivan sent Madden to see Dalton, giving him the thousand dollar purse he had received, with instructions to spend it for the doctor or the undertaker, whichever might be needed. The doctor got most of it.

In the fifth installment, to appear in next week's issue, there will be told the narrative of Sullivan's battle with the Michigan Giant, Jack Burns, whom he defeated in one round; his return to New York and subsequent match with Paddy Ryan, world's heavyweight champion; his meeting with Guiteau, who shot President Garfield; the incidents before the battle at Mississippi City before a picturesque throng; his winning the world's championship in nine rounds; the scenes which followed; his return to Boston; his being turned down by Katie Harkins and his marriage to Annie Bates; his first fight in Madison Square Garden, in New York City, and of his being matched to fight Charlie Mitchell, a little Englishman who combined science with strength.

The Easter Morning Breakfast

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Ham Omelet

may be made by scattering one-eighth to one-half cup of minced, boiled, or fried ham over the omelet just before folding. Fold and cook two minutes before serving.

Kidney Omelet

may be made by scattering one-half cup chopped, cooked kidney (or chicken livers for a liver omelet) over the surface of the omelet just before folding. Fold and cook two minutes before serving.

Cheese Omelet

may be made by sprinkling one-half cup or more of grated cheese over the omelet just before folding. Fold and cook two minutes before serving.

Mushroom Omelet

may be made by scattering one-fourth cup of stewed, chopped mushrooms over the surface of the omelet just before folding. Fold and cook two minutes before serving.

IT'S morning, it's spring, and it's Easter—why not a stunning breakfast service in keeping with the world ablaze outside? No doubt all of us have remembered to send for a cheery Easter plant, most of us have considered our Easter bonnets, but how few of us are preparing for a special breakfast Easter morning. And yet how full of the spirit of the day it can be made!

The enameled breakfast table set invitingly with crisp doilies, or an evenly-spread breakfast cloth, adorned with an appropriate decorative floral piece and attractively laid for individual service, heralds the triumph of our Easter breakfast plans. What cook will not be inspired to a nicety of preparation on the morning of such a service? What misanthrope will not wax cordial on a hot, nourishing meal in these surroundings? Attractive breakfast service always glorifies the day.

The Easter breakfast must, of course, be built around a main dish of eggs. Omelets are perhaps our most attractive form of egg service and one of the most popular. These afford multiple variety. There are the plain omelet, the sweet omelet, the filled omelet, and countless other variations from which to choose a family favorite. Precede the omelet with a fruit and a cereal course; follow with buttered toast, marmalade, and a beverage. You will have an Easter breakfast deliciously tempting and wholesomely gratifying.

An Easter Breakfast Menu

Grapefruit — *Cereal*
Surprise Omelet — *Bacon Crispettes*
Buttered Toast — *Orange Marmalade*
Cocoa and Crullers

Plain Omelet

4 eggs
4 tablespoons of milk or water
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons butter

SEPARATE the egg yolks and whites. Beat the yolks until thick and creamy; then add the seasonings and milk. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Cut and fold these carefully into the yolk mixture. Preheat an omelet or fry pan ten minutes over a low flame. Add the butter and turn up the flame. Just before the smoking temperature is reached, pour in the omelet mixture and reduce the flame at once. (If an omelet pan is used, pour one-half of the mixture into each side.) Cover the omelet with an *inverted* fry pan, cake tin, or what not—an ordinary cover will not do as the omelet rises. Cook very *slowly*, turning the pan occasionally so that the omelet will brown evenly. When the omelet is set and a delicate brown underneath, fold the one-half on top of the other by inserting a spatula. (Using the handle of the pan as a fulcrum, pry the one-half loose, and lift it up onto the other half.) Or, if an omelet pan is used, simply close it.

VEGETABLE OMELET may be made by scattering one-half cup chopped, cooked asparagus, peas, or cauliflower; or one-fourth cup pimento or sweet green peppers; or one-eighth cup truffles or parsley over the omelet just before folding. Fold and cook two minutes before serving.

Savory Omelet

1 cup stewed tomatoes
1 onion
½ clove of garlic if desired
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons of bread crumbs
2 tablespoons of minced ham if desired
4 eggs
2 tablespoons butter

PUT the butter in a saucepan and add the minced onion, garlic, and bread crumbs. Fry until quite brown and add the tomatoes and seasonings. Let the mixture simmer for an hour. Proceed as for plain omelet. Add the ham to the omelet and cook until set. Pour the tomato mixture on top and fold the omelet. Cook two minutes longer. Serve hot.

Sweet Omelet

4 egg yolks
4 egg whites
4 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup powdered sugar
2 teaspoons butter
½ cup jelly

PROCEED as for plain omelet except for folding the sugar into the egg yolk mixture before the whites are added. When the omelet has set, spread with jelly which has been softened by beating. Fold and sprinkle with sifted powdered sugar.

White Sauce Omelet

3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2½ tablespoons butter
1 cup milk
4 eggs
2 teaspoons butter

MELT the larger quantity of butter. Add the flour, mix smooth, and add the milk. Boil and stir constantly until the mixture thickens. While this sauce cools, separate the whites and yolks of the eggs. Beat the yolks until light and creamy. Add the seasonings and the cooled white sauce. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Cook and serve as for plain omelet.

TOMATO SAUCE OMELET may be made by substituting seasoned tomato puree, or pulp, for the milk in white sauce omelet. Proceed as for white sauce omelet.

Potato Omelet

2 cups cold, boiled potatoes
2 tablespoons bacon fat
⅔ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 eggs
2 tablespoons milk

CUT the potatoes into one-half inch cubes and fry in the bacon fat with the seasonings for five minutes. Beat the eggs well, add the milk, and pour this over the potatoes. Cook slowly, as for plain omelet. When the omelet is set, fold, and turn onto a hot platter to serve.

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

Fifty years of happiness—a half century since their wedding day and the thirty-fifth anniversary of her first trial of

CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

And the cake on *this* occasion was made with the "best by test" leavener.

Millions of housewives use Calumet with the same successful results that housewives experienced years ago when the first can was produced.

Calumet is the same today as it was in the beginning —made by the same carefully guarded formula. Human hands never touch this dependable leavener. Climatic conditions never weaken its more-than-ordinary leavening strength.

Next time you bake give Calumet a trial — be convinced.

Every Ingredient Used Officially Approved by U. S. Food Authorities.

Sales 2½ Times Those of Any Other Brand

Beech-Nut
CANDY
FRUIT DROPS
5¢
Beech-Nut
ORANGE
DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ORANGE DROPS
Refreshing as
fresh fruit
ORANGE – LEMON – LIME flavors

He Hated Arithmetic

AND BECAME THE WORLD'S GREATEST STATISTICIAN!

The Moral of Which Is: If Your Job's Difficult, Master It and You'll Come Out on Top

By HUGH FULLERTON

THE LETTER THAT GOT ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST JOBS

March 11, 1904.

MR. CHARLES E. MITCHELL,

DEAR SIR:

I hope I shall not presume too much in writing you, altho' I have not had the pleasure to meet you —but I understood from a friend of mine that you were the gentleman to whom I might write concerning a position with the "General Electric Company."

At present I am a student in the Junior Class of Harvard College, but I shall receive my A. B. degree this June, finishing the requirements in three years.

It is my wish to enter some good business as soon as possible after I leave here. Now if there is only some position (no matter what, provided there will be a fair chance for a rise if deserved), in the General Electric Company, I should like to try it and would endeavor to suit.

The fact that for two years out here, I studied a great deal on the mechanical side (mathematics, chemistry, etc.) may help as to the kind of position I could fill. I began with the intention of taking up mining engineering but for several reasons, I have abandoned it.

Very truly yours,

WALTER S. GIFFORD.

27 Hampden Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

A BOY who hated arithmetic and became the world's greatest statistician; a Harvard prodigy who made good as a man, Walter Sherman Gifford, the new president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, furnishes a fresh inspiration to the youth of today to reach great heights.

Not only was he Harvard's boy wonder at sixteen, completing his course in three years instead of four, but he has continued a marvel. Before thirty-five he organized the Council of National Defense and mobilized America's industries for the war; at forty he was elected president of one of the largest public utility corporations in the world.

Mr. Gifford owes his present position to a strange mistake. It has been reported he misdirected a letter to the General Electric Company, sending it to the Western Electric Company. He had decided, after a war of words with college chums over the advisability of a young man entering the employ of any great corporation, to apply to the two great electric companies for a position. Someone told him to write to Charles E. Mitchell, then assistant to the president of the Western Electric Company and now head of one of the nation's largest banks.

Gifford thought Mr. Mitchell was with the General Electric, but in some way misdirected the letter to the Western Electric, at Chicago.

Morris Rosenfeld Photo.

Walter S. Gifford, who rose from a $10-a-week job to the presidency of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

He got the address right—by mistake. And it turned out all right.

He got the job, at ten dollars a week, and the story of his rise to the head of a two and a half billion dollar corporation with three hundred and fifty thousand employees and more than three hundred and fifty thousand stockholders, operating more than sixteen million telephones, is the story of concentration. Says he:

"Concentrate on the vital facts—do not try to remember the rest. If you have a difficult task, or a distasteful one, concentrate on it, master it, and it will be easy."

In a position where speed, accuracy, and mathematical precision were most vital, the man who confesses he could never learn arithmetic tables, even to seven times seven, devised, invented, figured short cuts and became the statistical "shark" of the plant. And he was lucky in working under the observing eye of a "boss" who knew what the young man was accomplishing.

As far as I can see there was nothing remarkable in Mr. Gifford as a boy. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, January 10, 1885. He was not a strong, athletic boy, but quick and active. At fifteen he was graduated from Salem High School with honors and passed entrance examinations for Harvard. He admits his weak point was arithmetic—he loathed it. But he figured out a way to conquer it—and he did.

Three years after Gifford wrote for the job in Chicago, the New York superintendent heard of him and asked for his transfer. He had proved his argument with his classmates at least—the big corporations still offer a field for young workers.

One day the late Theodore N. Vail, then president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at that time affiliated with the telephone company, although they are now entirely independent, telephoned to Gifford, asking for facts on the telegraph service. Gifford first obtained the record of the actual number of words sent during the day, and at each period of the day. Then he evolved a table showing how many words *could* be carried with the same equipment and working force.

Mr. Vail was doubtful. He could not believe the figures. Gifford went over them again, returned, and insisted they were correct, explaining the "peak" and the "slack" hours, showing that if the wires could be kept busy all day at the "peak" rate they would carry a tremendously increased business. He and his experts started to work on the problem. The result has been the night letter, the night message, and all the special rate messages that can be sent during the dull hours.

PERHAPS the most astonishing discovery this young man made resulted in the plan which has made the American Telephone and Telegraph Company practically a public owned corporation. One of Gifford's brothers had saved some money and wanted his advice as to how to invest it. Gifford advised stock in the telephone company and worked out a plan by which his brother could borrow money and pay for the stock in installments. President Vail—he was then head of the telephone company—was mulling around in his mind, seeking some system of insurance for employees, and Gifford, during a casual talk, suggested that almost any American worker would be glad to be a stockholder in the corporation employing him, citing his brother as an example.

Mr. Vail became enthusiastic, declared Gifford had hit on the germ of a great idea, and the result has been an employees' stock ownership under which about seventy-five thousand Bell Telephone Company employees own stock in the company, while one hundred and twenty-five thousand are buying stock on installments. The company followed this up by initiating a customers' stock ownership plan, under which many thousands of patrons own stock in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

You'll be asking what sort of a fellow Gifford is. Just a busy man whose work is his pleasure. Aside from yachting, which is natural in a Salem boy, he does not engage in active sports. He doesn't golf, but if ever he tackles it he will figure out some short cut to get into the eighties without practicing too much.

He rides horseback when he finds time, motors when he is in a hurry to get anywhere, and is a real fellow.

About radio and possible future means of communication he says:

"If there is anything better and faster in human communication we want it."

THE END

Corn Flakes—
Get them Double-Thick!

The very finest corn flakes are called Post Toasties. Try them. You'll like them better than any other kind because they're *Double-Thick*. Expertly seasoned, toasted golden crisp, they keep their flavor and crispness in milk or cream. Avoid substitution by asking for Post Toasties always by name. Genuine Double-Thick Corn Flakes come only in the red and yellow wax-wrapped carton. A free test package mailed at your request.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Dept. 4-113
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Makers of—Post Health Products: Post's Bran Flakes, Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts.
Canadian Address—Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.

FOR BREAKFAST:
Post Toasties with Prunes.
Make the milk or cream test for corn flakes crispness. Send for free test package.

Post Toasties
DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes
stay crisp in cream

© P. C. Co., 1925

CHAPMAN

The Story of a SUPERCROOK

PART THREE

The ESCAPE, PURSUIT, *and* CAPTURE

By EDWARD H. SMITH

Picture by DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

Chapman managed to win the sympathy of a nurse, whom he persuaded to take out and mail a note.

THIS life story of the greatest outlaw of his time, Gerald Chapman, reveals as cunning a villain in his series of mystifying escapes as ever any noted scenario writer penned into the pages of his thriller of fiction. It was in his spectacular escapes that Chapman shone especially.

The big New York registered mail robbery; the division of the loot between Chapman and his two confederates, Anderson and Loeber; the disposition of that vast loot through the underworld syndicate that honeycombs the United States, and the country-wide searches for Chapman form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the police and federal authorities.

Chapman and Anderson each received twenty-five years in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, and Loeber, who had confessed and implicated his confederates, got off with a lighter sentence. Under double guard Chapman and Anderson were taken to prison, and it was believed "the worst desperado in many years" was at last safely behind bars that would hold him beyond the pale of further desperate deeds.

JUST BEFORE Gerald Chapman was taken to Atlanta Prison, at the end of August, 1922, to begin his long term of servitude, he had a talk with David V. Cahill, the Federal prosecutor who had conducted the case against him.

"I won't be down there very long," volunteered the bandit, grinning, when Mr. Cahill bade him good-by.

"They tell me Atlanta is a hard place to get out of," suggested the attorney.

Chapman smiled quietly to himself and shook his head.

"I've learned one thing," he said: "if you want anything in this life you must pay for it!"

Chapman made good his boast and vindicated his philosophy.

A little before dawn on the morning of March 29, 1923, less than seven months after his incarceration, Chapman sawed a bar in the window of the prison hospital and let himself down to the ground by means of a rope ladder made of twisted bedclothing—the ladder of the lover and the prisoner alike.

Chapman had managed to get himself into the hospital by gargling a solution of lye water or something of the sort and setting up an irritation which was diagnosed by the prison doctor as tonsillitis.

Once in the walled yard with Frank Gray, a prison mate of obscure reputation, whom Chapman evidently had to take into his confidence, the master bandit knew just what to do. He went straight to the tents in the tubercular camp, inside the walls, and there got a well-made silk rope ladder, equipped at the end with a specially designed grappling hook. This had evidently been hidden with some inmate of the tents.

Chapman and Gray then proceeded to a point near by where they could reach the electric wires feeding the big lamps on the prison wall. They removed some of the insulation, crossed the wires, and caused a short circuit which put out the lights and threw the whole outside of the prison into darkness.

While the officers and guards were running about trying to find out what was the trouble, Chapman threw the hook of his silk rope ladder to the top of the high encircling wall, caught a projection, and swiftly clambered to the top, followed by Gray. They let their ladder down the other side, gained the ground, and made off before the prison authorities knew they had escaped.

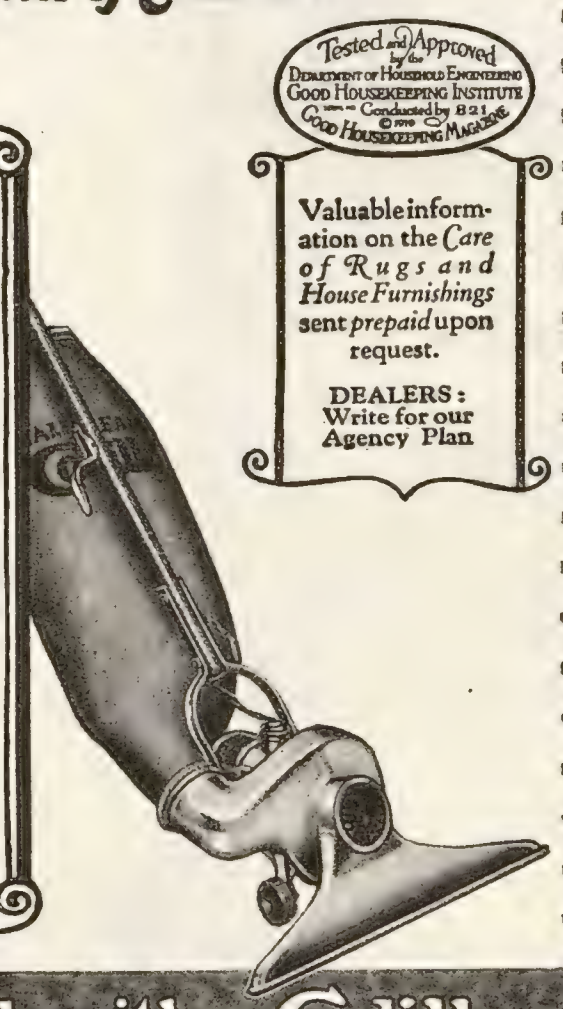
Outside the walls, Chapman and his pal went directly to a house near by and routed out the owner, demanding that he get out his car and drive them away. The man had no car, so they took him captive, warned him that they would kill him at the first false move, and directed him to walk with them to the nearest street car line.

Here they boarded a car and rode toward Atlanta. They were already out of their prison garb and dressed in ordinary street clothes, which must have been hidden for them at an appointed place by confederates.

Once in Atlanta, Chapman and Gray left the street car with their prisoner, directed him to go his way, and caught a taxicab, in which they were driven out of town and about thirty miles in some vague direction which they picked out from time to time. When they thought they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BALL BEARING
NO OILING **Cadillac** NO SOILING
Master of Cleaners!



Tested and Approved by the Department of Household Engineering Good Housekeeping Institute — Conducted by B2I — Good Housekeeping Magazine

Try this Cleaner Before You Buy!

BEFORE you pay any money for an electric vacuum cleaner—try the Ball Bearing CADILLAC, *Master of Cleaners!*

Modern Priscilla Proving Plant found this cleaner to be 38% more thorough than their own standard testing machine! Good Housekeeping and N. Y. Tribune Institutes each approved it with a high rating. Faster cleaning is made possible by an extra-wide nozzle. More thorough work is assured by an oversize ¼ H. P. motor. All mechanical trouble is eliminated by Norma Precision Ball Bearings which do away with oiling.

Try this *Lifetime* cleaner before you buy. Manufactured since 1910.

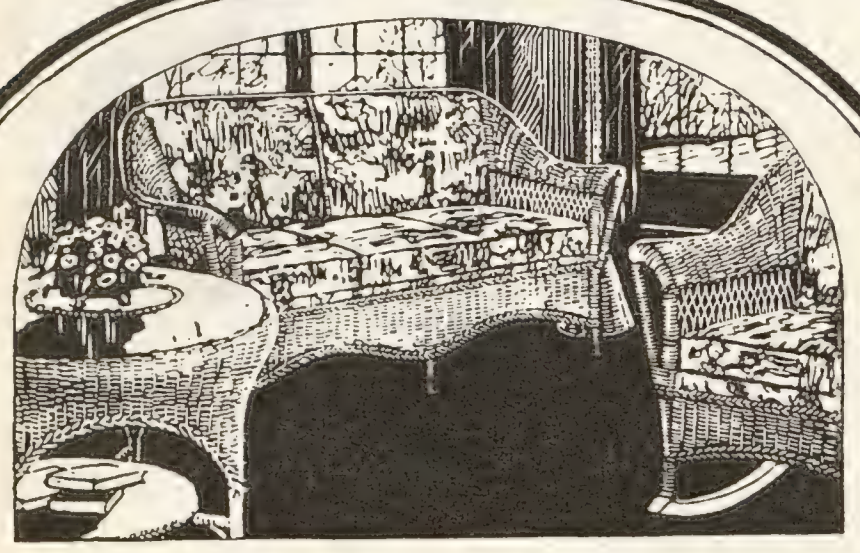
Write for name of nearest Cadillac Dealer

CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
605 Fulton Street, Chicago
73 Duchess St., Toronto, Canada

Valuable information on the *Care of Rugs and House Furnishings* sent *prepaid* upon request.

DEALERS: Write for our Agency Plan

Save Your Back—with a Cadillac



Turning House Into Home

Whether you build, or buy a house already built, it is the furniture you choose for it that makes it YOUR home.

Try the PECK & HILLS Plan to get the furnishings that express your tastes and preferences. If your Neighborhood Furniture Dealer cannot show you what you want, he *can* show you our 448-page catalog. Or he can give you a Card of Introduction to one of our wholesale exhibits. Either way multiplies many times the number of styles from which you may select. Either way adds to your dealer's volume without adding to his operating expense and saves for the manufacturer, too. This means savings for you.

32-Page Booklet Free

"Correct Care of Home Furnishings" is filled with valuable information about wood and fibre furniture of all kinds, carpets, rugs and linoleums, draperies, etc. Address nearest office.

FURNITURE AND BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO DENVER LOS ANGELES OAKLAND SAN FRANCISCO PORTLAND SEATTLE Peck & Hills FURNITURE CO. DEPENDABLE FURNISHINGS FLOOR COVERINGS

Sold Through Dealers Only

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

had gone far enough they dismissed the driver, paid him with a one thousand dollar bill, which Chapman took from a fat roll, and cautioned the man to say nothing.

In a few hours the whole country was electrified at the news of this break from prison. Chapman, already a celebrity, was suddenly a superman, one of the great escapers, a creature of wonderful cunning and ingenuity.

HUNDREDS of policemen and prison guards were off in pursuit of Chapman soon after his break. For three days they could not locate him, but on the fourth he was surrounded. Gray immediately surrendered, but Chapman resisted and was shot—once through the fleshy part of the back and again through the left wrist. He was taken prisoner and carried to the nearest hospital, in Athens, Georgia, where he was put to bed, apparently paralyzed in one leg. A nurse attended him by day and another by night. Guards were sent from Atlanta Penitentiary to watch him until he was either dead or strong enough to be removed to the big prison from which he had fled.

Weak from the loss of blood and racked with the fire and fever of his wounds, Chapman yet managed to win the sympathy of a nurse, whom he persuaded to take out and mail a note.

Not more than forty-eight hours later two men left New York with orders from a man who stands near the heart of the great organized underworld, the valuable connection which Chapman and Anderson made before the Leonard Street robbery and the source of some of their prestige and power. What this aloof one's instructions were we may judge from what followed.

Overnight the two couriers from the New York underworld got to Atlanta. They visited Chapman in the hospital and talked with him. They spoke to others. And, once more, they were plentifully provided with bank notes in large denominations, which they flashed on all and sundry with properly suggestive grimaces and indirect assurances. That night Chapman was gone from his bed and he was not found again for nearly two years.

Here is the really astounding part of Chapman's escape. Here he displayed his courage, his fortitude, his power over pain and suffering. Weak, bloodless, raging with the fever of his wounds; indeed, so badly injured that his doctors could not credit the story of his departure, he managed to drag himself away and stay away, so that all the resource of the police and all the power of the government could not drag him back until after many months of fruitless and heart-breaking search. Whatever glory resides in this cannot be denied him.

Now the weary hunt for Chapman began which lasted twenty-two months and extended all over the civilized world.

Because Chapman had committed a crime against the United States mails, the quest for him was directed mainly by the Post Office Department and its efficient force of inspectors. Inspector James J. Doran of the New York office was in charge of the quest, together with Inspectors J. S. Vick, Jr., and F. E. Shea, all of whom took a conspicuous part in the original hunt for the Leonard Street bandits. Many other inspectors and government detectives from the Department of Justice took part in the search at various times.

Indeed, all of the five hundred and twenty post-office inspectors in the country and the two hundred and fifty Department of Justice men figured in the chase to some extent and at least half of them came into direct contact with it in one way or another. In addition there were the many thousands of local police in the country, the thousands of postmasters and the other thousands of private and other police to be eluded.

Upward of half a million descriptive circulars were sent out, announcing a reward of one thousand dollars.

Not until December, 1923, more than eight months after his mysterious departure from the hospital in Athens, was any trace got of the man. Then it was learned he had been in Toledo, lying low and trying to recover his shattered health. When the inspectors reached this big Ohio city he was gone.

REPORTS of Chapman's presence were received by the post-office inspectors from all parts of the country, most of them unreliable.

But there was on earth one person without whom he could not exist—his girl. He could pass by all other connections and associations, but the woman he loved was necessary to him in spite of the obvious and terrible peril. He summoned her and by that sign he fell.

The little black-eyed girl of Gramercy Park had been released after the capture of Chapman and his confederates. The detectives were convinced that she had taken no part in her lover's crimes, if, indeed, she had known what he was before the arrest. They traced back her history as well as they could and then released her.

This young woman is a native of Indiana and was a telephone operator in Indianapolis when Chapman met and wooed her. When she was taken from his apartment after his arrest and confronted with the facts of his life and crimes she showed no emotion other than sorrow. She be-

trayed him in no word or look, but clung to him and tried to comfort him as best she could.

After Chapman went to Atlanta she dropped out of sight, but once her lover had escaped, the post-office inspectors sought her again and were some time in finding her. Then they discovered that, about three months after Chapman's break, she had gone to California.

The California inspectors soon found "Mrs. Colwell" living quietly enough in San Francisco and evidently quite out of touch with her desperado sweetheart. But they placed a watch upon her and shadowed her footsteps wherever she went. They, too, had an idea that the bandit would communicate with her if with anyone alive. All their vigilance availed them nothing. One morning they found the young woman had gone. Someone had taught her how to shake off a shadow.

The detectives had to begin again at the beginning. Before they might consider themselves as far along as they had been they would have to locate the girl again. For a long time they made no progress.

THEN came another tip, from a woman. The girl of Chapman's affections had been seen in Indianapolis. Evidently she had made her home there for some time, but when the detectives arrived to look for her she had vanished again—gone back to the Coast.

However, the officers went to work in Indiana, in the hope of finding out what had brought her back there. They were, of course, not blind to the obvious indication that she had made the trip to visit Chapman and been shrewd enough not to stay too long. It was shortly discovered that this girl had made frequent trips out of Indianapolis over the network of interurban electric lines which connect the chief city of Indiana with smaller places.

Little by little, the officers were able to narrow down the suspected zone to a small area in the east-central part of the state. They came upon various bits of information, among others the report that the bandit's girl had paid visits to a doctor in one of these towns.

Early on the morning of October 12, last, a hostler working in a stable back of Davidson & Leventhal's department store in New Britain, Connecticut, notified an officer that someone was in the store. It was Sunday morning. No one but a burglar could be there at such a time. Policemen entered the building and started toward a gallery or mezzanine, where the store's offices were and where stood five big safes.

The policemen saw a furtive figure and opened fire. The robber returned the shots and Officer James Skelly fell dead. Before the other policemen could gather their wits the intruder charged out of hiding, leaped over the body of the fallen officer, gained the street, remarked casually to a startled citizen on the sidewalk that someone had been shot inside and vanished into the morning mists.

The police, almost at the same time, seized a man who was lurking near by in a big Lincoln car and who had in his possession some money, taken from a safe in the store, which had been blown open before the officers arrived. This man turned out to be Walter E. Shean, head of a well-known business concern in Springfield, Massachusetts, and the son of one of the wealthiest hotel owners in that State. Shean, after some hesitation, admitted that he had been implicated in the burglary of the store, and later said that he believed the man with whom he had been going about and engaging in such adventures was Gerald Chapman.

It was learned that while Chapman was still in Atlanta some other prisoner had said to him:

"If you ever get out and need someone, go to Walter Shean in Springfield and say I sent you. He's a good fellow."

And, according to Shean, that is just what Chapman did. He appeared in Springfield first in July of last year, driving a car. He looked up Shean and introduced himself, without telling who he was or what was his business, though Shean must have guessed from the name of the third man what sort of person this newcomer must be.

But Shean received Chapman with open arms, made a friend and a pal of him, permitted him to go to his office, and was seen everywhere with him. Chapman, far from hiding or skulking, often sat at a desk in Shean's office, not ten feet from the sidewalk of the main street, and wrote letters on a typewriter, while all the world of Springfield passed by outdoors.

One of the things Chapman began at this time was the negotiations for a country house at South Hadley, Massachusetts, belonging to the Rev. Arthur W. Bailey of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Chapman agreed to buy the place for fifteen thousand dollars.

There is reason to believe that Chapman and his old bosom friend, Anderson, intended to set up in the house a counterfeiting establishment on a large scale.

One of the most remarkable features of the Chapman-Anderson friendship is the fact that nine months after the getaway of Chapman Anderson also escaped from Atlanta and is still at large.

IN the late summer a burglar broke into a Ford-Lincoln automobile store in Steubenville, Indiana, filled the gas tank and the oil wells of a big Lincoln sedan that was standing on the display floor, and literally drove it out through the plate glass windows and away. This car was the one found in New Britain after the murder of Skelly, and the detectives decided that Chapman was the man who did the bold job at Steubenville. The car had been driven nine thousand miles in less than ninety days—a hundred miles a day.

Again, just after the Steubenville robbery, the car of Waldo W. Miller of Angola, Indiana, was stolen. It was found later that the license plates and registration card belonging to this machine were being used on the big Lincoln, so Chapman is supposed to have committed this theft, too.

But after the burglary and killing in New Britain there was no trace of Chapman.

There was nothing to do but sit tight and wait. The post-office inspectors felt certain that their game would return to Indiana, where the traps were all baited and set. Some others felt that if Chapman were really the man who shot Skelly he would know enough to hunt entirely new haunts. Inspectors Doran and Shea were of the former opinion, and they made more than one trip out to Indiana to tighten up the screws in that quarter.

However, there were certain definite bits of information about the Indiana locale that were still missing. The inspectors knew about the doctor to whom Chapman's girl had gone and with whom the bandit was supposed to be intimate, but they did not know his name or who he was. This information was finally obtained by County Detective Edward J. Hickey of Hartford, who entered a storeroom in the offices of Walter Shean and found an arsenal and much loot. But more valuable just then were four big English kit bags in which the criminals had evidently been shipping loot back and forth between Indiana and New England. On one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Crooks' Faces

A Study by

SELBY MAXWELL

Noted Physiognomist and Character Analyst

GERALD CHAPMAN'S rogues' gallery photographs show a face characterized by strong mentality, but absolutely no sense of ethics. The forehead indicates keen perception, with only moderate energy. The nose is shrewd. Lack of tenacity is seen in the base of the skull; the eyes are reflective, and the mouth insensitive. Here is a man who thinks only of himself.

WALTER SHEAN'S forehead shows impulsiveness and lack of attention. His mouth and lips are stubborn and reveal love of flattery without the ability to distinguish it from genuine praise. In the full-face view, his blurred contours and the thickness of his lips show dullness of perception. It is plain that his emotions are rudimentary — crude —and that his mind has childish desires and no strong inhibitions, so that he is easily led about by others.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

It is gratifying to wear FLORSHEIMS and know that your shoes are in keeping with the times — smart looking — and built for endurance.

THE WALES ~ *Style S-92*

Most Styles $10 *Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers ~ CHICAGO

for the man The Florsheim SHOE *who cares*

For your finest wood surfaces

It cleans as it polishes

O-Cedar Polish

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

of them was found the address of a physician in Muncie, Indiana.

What happened next is well known. With a price of four thousand five hundred dollars on his head, three thousand five hundred offered in the State of Connecticut and one thousand by the Government, Chapman made the expected reappearance in Muncie. On a bright Sunday morning toward the end of January he walked out of his hotel and was on his way to a street car—some say on his way to kill another man who was suspected of having informed on him—when four Muncie policemen pounced upon the famous fugitive.

Chapman, ready for any emergency, had his pistol out before the officers could close and fired one wild shot. Then his gun jammed and he was knocked sprawling by a heavy blow from a big policeman's fist. In the next second he felt the grip of steel about his wrists. The great hunt was at an end.

The local and Federal police handled this man with the care his reputation demanded. They took him at once to Indianapolis. Thence he was taken secretly to Atlanta, for fear an attempt might be made to rescue him from the train.

AFTER he had been in solitary confinement in Atlanta a short time the United States Attorney General decided to turn Chapman over to the Connecticut authorities to be tried for the murder of Policeman Skelly. Once more, he was brought secretly and unexpectedly from his cell and made ready for the trip North.

The forethought and precaution of the officers had not been needless, for in the lining of Chapman's clothes was a handcuff key which he is supposed to have made out of an odd scrap of metal while confined.

So Chapman was taken to Connecticut under special guard and lodged in the stout old Wethersfield Prison.

Many have asked why Chapman had to go about robbing department stores and stealing automobiles, when he made such a great haul in the Leonard Street holdup. The fact is, of course, that Loeber's entire share of the loot was recovered and that much of Anderson's and Chapman's parts has also been gathered in, though most of it had been disposed of when the authorities found it.

Chapman got comparatively little out of this great job. His expenses were high afterward. He bought his way, as he said he would. He lived high while he was free. No doubt all he got has long been exhausted.

Chapman is not a truly clever and subtle criminal, for such men are not often caught and they do not figure in sensational affrays.

Of Chapman's wish to be educated and superior there can be no question. When he was swelling about New York, before his arrest, he had been reading Joseph Conrad avidly. He knew the sea tales of the great writer almost by heart and vented many studied opinions on literature, art, music, and what not?

A number of novels, books of essays and critical works were found in his apartment in Gramercy Park, and after the killing in New Britain a raid on the room in Springfield supposedly occupied by Chapman yielded the Oxford Book of Verse and Lawrence Houseman's Echo de Paris.

AGAIN, Doctor Bailey, the minister whose home Chapman was going to buy, talked with the bandit for an hour, was delighted with his caller, discussed questions of philosophy and theology, and could hardly be convinced later that this cultivated man was a bandit and a suspected murderer.

To those who think always of the criminal as a low, beetle-browed thug and scum of the gutter—which he often is—all this will seem strange. But the criminal is also often a man with a thwarted soul, a frustrated and warped ego.

Without wishing to play even one note of the tremolo stop for him, that is what Gerald Chapman is.

I think there is no doubt that this man wanted to get up and get on. He had been given just that tragic touch of schooling in his youth which made him privy to the secrets and joys of election. But circumstance had walled him off from the top and he sought to get there by violence and crime.

Those who judge Chapman will make a mistake if they look upon him as a cold, feelingless, calculating bandit and killer. He may be all that. No doubt he is, but he is not without emotion. In fact, the modern scientific criminologist would designate him as a criminal of the emotionally unstable type. It is his run-away emotion, his mad excitement, which tempts him to shoot and to kill.

And this tough and terrible fellow is not without his tears. In his trial before Judge Holmes in the United States District Court in New York, for the Leonard Street robbery, Chapman was asked by his attorney why he had jumped out of the post-office window. He answered, shaken, that the inspectors were grilling the girl he loved in another room, perhaps torturing her in an attempt to get something from her. He could not bear it. Here this strange and enigmatic man broke and wept so that the court had to take a recess until he might recover.

I have been trying merely to set down a picture of "the worst desperado in many years."

THE END

It's a Great GAME

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Pictures by TONY SARG

Golf was nearly a religion with him. Through golf he had come to a happiness of which he had but dreamed before.

A Story of Golf on a Summer Afternoon, with Fortune, Honor, and a Girl as the Stakes

I INTRODUCED Roy Anscomb to golf and Hazel Forsythe on the same afternoon. Hazel was about eighteen then, a slim, bronzed, vital young devotee of the springy turf, the true-swung clubhead and the far soaring little white ball.

She and I and the Judge, her father, were knocking around the course that afternoon. A lovely cool, September day it was, with swift marching regiments of white clouds charging endlessly across a wind-swept field of deep blue sky. We had just reached the thirteenth tee by the road when Roy Anscomb drove along in his roadster. In answer to my hail he stopped his car, crawled through the fence and approached the tee hesitantly, blushing because the slender young girl in bright sport clothes was watching him so steadily with her clear, frank, gray eyes.

Anscomb's most enthusiastic friend would not have called him handsome. As a boy he had gone to work to care for his widowed mother as soon as the truant officers would let him, and the job of making a real spot in the world with real money for her and himself had left him at thirty-two, a year after her death, a slender wisp of a man, a wee bit stooped and with more lines in his face than color. But he had an appealing, wide-lipped smile and a fine, shy, boyish look in his kind brown eyes that made quick friends. As we talked I watched Hazel out of the corner of my eye and was amused at the telltale expressions which crossed her face as she sized up Roy and finally decided she liked him.

"Want to hit a few off the tee, Mr. Anscomb?" she asked.

Roy's face crinkled up into that nice, kind smile so typical of him and he shook his head.

"I don't think Roy ever played golf, Hazel," I said. "I've often tried to get him to lift his nose from the grindstone and look around, but he claims he's been bent over so long and steady the scenery would probably hurt his eyes if he took time to use 'em."

Roy laughed, embarrassed. "I'd like to get out and have a good time, now that I can afford it," he admitted a little wistfully. "The trouble is I don't quite know how and I doubt if I could learn. It's not only that I never played golf. I never played any kind of a game."

"Never played any game!" said Hazel, amazed.

"No," answered Roy. "I used to run errands and mow lawns and tend furnaces after school hours when I was a little shaver going to school, so I never had much of a chance at even just ordinary baseball. I think maybe I'm too far along to pick up the knack of playing now."

"You're not," replied Hazel vehemently.

She stooped, teed up a ball and handed him her driver.

"Hit it," she commanded him.

Roy riveted his eye on the little white pill and an expression of intense concentration chased the smile from his face. He swung and the clubhead met the ball fairly. It wasn't a hard drive, but it was a true hit one and there was enough punch in the swing to knock the ball a hundred and fifty yards down the course.

"Why—why, I hit it," he said, grinning all over and beginning to tremble.

"You two play along," said Hazel to her father and me. "I'm going to stop here and teach Mr. Anscomb something about the clubs."

That afternoon marked the beginning of a new life for Roy Anscomb, a pleasant life in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No loss to any investor in 60 years

6½% Guaranteed Bonds

Safer and more profitable because of these exclusive features

The guarantee of a great Surety Company

Adair Protected First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds are guaranteed both as to principal and interest by one of the strongest Companies in America.

Such Companies operate under State and National Laws which restrict their guarantees in proportion to their financial resources and require that reserve funds be set aside for possible losses.

A higher yield

The investor secures a yield from 1% to 1½% greater than that obtainable from other guaranteed bonds.

A 7% yield option

The interest rate may be converted from 6½% to 7% by discontinuing the guarantee.

A great many investors, realizing that bonds which can be guaranteed in this manner must be of the highest type, prefer to purchase 7% Adair Protected Bonds without the guarantee.

We invite comparison of the guarantee back of Adair Bonds with the guarantee back of any other investment offered. We invite comparison of the interest yield of Adair Bonds with the interest yield of any other guaranteed investment.

We invite comparison of Adair Bonds yielding 7% without the guarantee, but which can be guaranteed if desired, with other real estate bonds and mortgage securities.

Adair Protected Bonds are issued by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House with a record of 60 years without loss to any investor. Mail coupon for further information.

Denominations; $1000 and $500. Serial Maturities

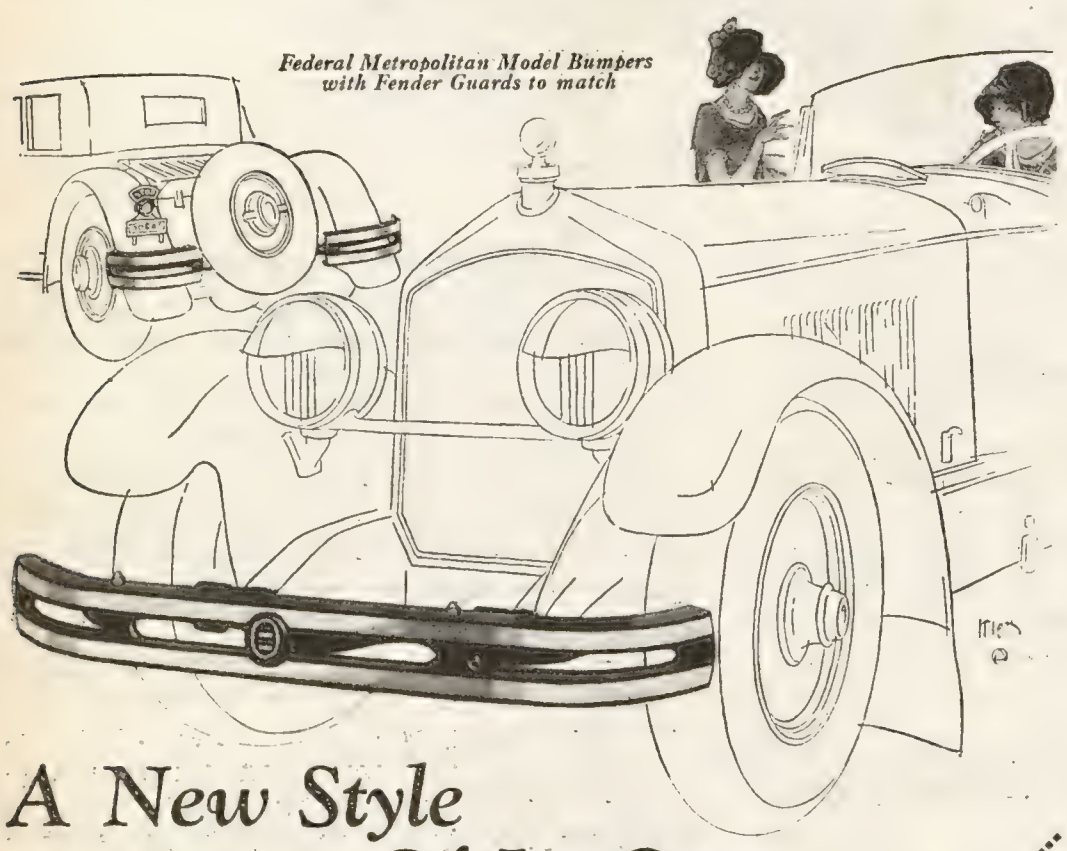
Mail Coupon for Current Offerings

Adair Realty & Trust Company

The South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House

Founded 1865 ATLANTA
Packard Bldg., PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK
Adair Realty & Mortgage Co.,
Exclusive Distributors, 270 Madison Ave.

Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Please send current offerings and full information regarding your 6½% Guaranteed Bonds.
Name.....
Address.....



Federal Metropolitan Model Bumpers with Fender Guards to match

A New Style Of Its Own

The Federal has achieved a success without parallel in its line since first displayed at the 1924 New York Automobile Show.

That motorists have been captivated by this new note in bumper design and construction—is attested by the monthly gains made. If you are one who wants the best, your choice this spring will be Federals.

FEDERAL PRESSED STEEL CO.
Jobbing Division
360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Factory: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Send for New Catalog
Send Catalog 12L—on Federal Bumpers with the superior mounting brackets—to:

FEDERAL BUMPERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

which the two golden factors of value were golf and Hazel Forsythe.

Golf was nearly a religion with him. Through golf he had come to a happiness of which he had but dreamed before and when he discussed the game which meant so much to him, he did so with a note of reverence in his voice. It was as a result of this attitude that he came upon his Great Trouble.

There had been an informal dance at the club and a bunch of us were sitting around in the main lounge punching the bag about this and that before starting home.

Wood Magruder was doing most of the talking and most of it had to do with the skill and might of Wood Magruder. He was a new man at the club, who had just come on as sales manager for the Gilmour instrument people of Cartersville.

He stood six feet two in his bare feet, weighed two hundred and eight pounds stripped, and boasted that he could whip any man in the world with the exception of Dempsey, Firpo, Wills and a few more of the topnotch heavyweight contenders.

MAGRUDER played a brilliant, smashing game of golf that had been good enough to qualify him and carry him past the first round in two national amateur championship events.

There was no doubt he was powerful and capable and handsome after a fashion, with one of these big featured, he-men faces that go good on cowboy movie heroes and collar ads. That was one of the reasons I hated him on sight. He had too much, and was too darn proud of it. Power was his passion, and victory was his God.

He finally stopped talking about himself long enough to let someone else get a word in edgewise, and Harry Carbuck took the opportunity to steer the conversation away from Magruder and his exploits by starting a discussion of the ethics of golf. After a few opinions had been given Roy Anscomb spoke up with that queer note of reverence he always used in discussing the game.

"Golf," he said, "is about what life would be if life were absolutely on the level."

That was Magruder's cue to jump back into the spotlight again.

"I don't get you," he insisted belligerently. "Just what do you mean?"

"I mean," answered Roy patiently, "that there are certain injustices and unsportsmanlike traditions in the economic and social life of the world which are done away with in golf."

"That's what's wrong with golf," shouted Magruder loudly. "The closer any game approximates life the better game it is—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Get rid of your Freckles

YOU'LL rejoice at the way freckles and blotches vanish when this cool, fragrant cream is smoothed on your skin. In a short time it brings you a milk-white complexion, clear as a child's, which lies hidden beneath the disfiguring spots.

Costs Nothing if You Are Not Satisfied

Stillman's Freckle Cream, double action, benefits you in two ways. Freckles, tan, sallowness, are gently dissolved away. At the same time your skin is beautified, softened, refined and whitened. May be applied secretly at night. Safe, harmless, used the world over for 35 years.

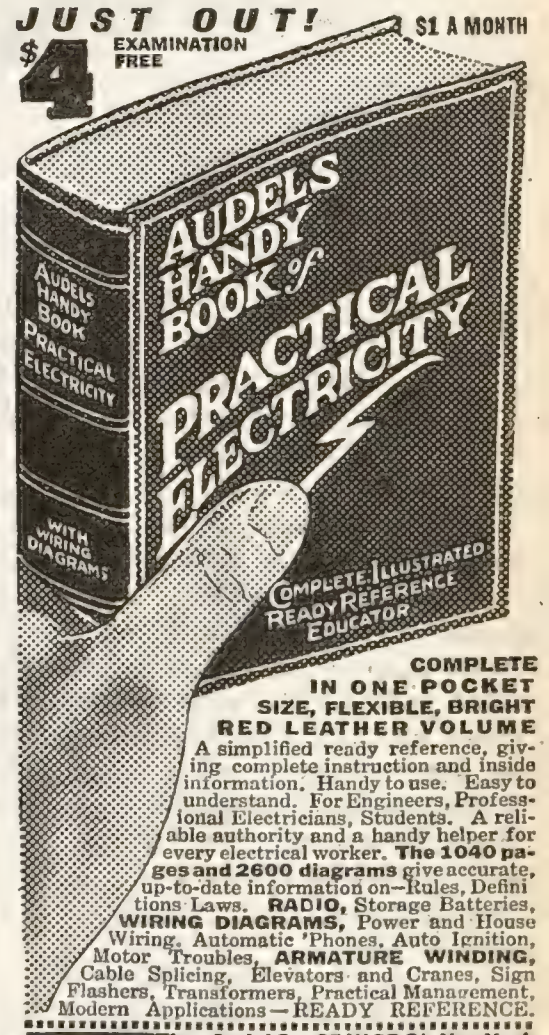
No risk need be taken. Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Get it at druggists or department stores, 50c and $1.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Learn what your type needs to look best. We are giving $1.50 bottle of perfume to each girl who buys $3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1925, other than freckle cream. Send for free booklet today. The Stillman Co., 77 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

JUST OUT! $1 A MONTH
$4 EXAMINATION FREE



COMPLETE IN ONE POCKET SIZE, FLEXIBLE, BRIGHT RED LEATHER VOLUME

A simplified ready reference, giving complete instruction and inside information. Handy to use. Easy to understand. For Engineers, Professional Electricians, Students. A reliable authority and a handy helper for every electrical worker. **The 1040 pages and 2600 diagrams** give accurate, up-to-date information on—Rules, Definitions Laws. **RADIO,** Storage Batteries, **WIRING DIAGRAMS,** Power and House Wiring. Automatic 'Phones, Auto Ignition, Motor Troubles, **ARMATURE WINDING,** Cable Splicing, Elevators and Cranes, Sign Flashers, Transformers, Practical Management, Modern Applications—READY REFERENCE.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Theo Audel Co, 65 W 23 St, New York
Please send me Audel's Handy Book of Practical Electricity for **free examination.** If satisfactory, I will send you $1 in 7 days, then $1 monthly until $4 is paid.

Name .....
Address .....
Occupation .....
Employed by 4F21

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

and life, you know, is war—and in war there's only one reward—victory, which goes to the strongest and most courageous and brutal fighter."

"It seems to me," said Roy, "the rules of golf make it reasonably certain that the best man will win."

"No such thing!" Magruder retorted. "The rules of golf protect the weakling. Why, for example, should I be prevented from talking to an opponent, kidding him, bluffing him out, trying to uncover his yellow streak if he has one? If he's got a yellow streak that a little talk would bring out, he doesn't deserve to win anyhow. He's a weakling and in any kind of a real fair game, weaklings ought always to lose. Why should his weakness be protected by a rule?"

"Why should a game devised by civilized man be patterned after the stupid code of a brutal savage?" Roy demanded hotly.

"Because of facts, my friend," said Magruder. "That's why. For example——"

He stepped across the room, grasped Roy under the armpits, lifted him from his chair and, holding him well off the floor, pinned him helpless against the wall.

Roy made a queer, animal-like noise in his throat and struck out at the big fellow. Magruder grasped his wrist, drew him close and held him helpless.

"You mustn't struggle against facts, Anscomb," he said. "I'm stronger than you are and I can do as I please with you. You may not like that, but it's a fact, so why be angry?"

THEN Hazel Forsythe stepped up and laid her hand on Roy's shoulder.

"Roy," she said sharply. "Don't be silly. Don't make a scene. I'm sure Mr. Magruder didn't mean to offend you. He's only using his strength as a point in his argument. Please, Roy!"

Roy started as though he had been struck across the face with a whip and all the resistance went out of his body. Magruder loosed him and stepped back.

Roy stood for a moment staring at the floor. Then he put his hands over his face and shuddered in an agony of humiliation.

"God!" he said huskily. "Oh, my God!"

He turned away and walked out of the room.

He dubbed his brassie as he had dubbed his drive. He was gone, utterly gone.

No one knows what queer freak of feeling led the girl to take Magruder's part. She wept openly in the club that night, but the next day she appeared bright and sassy, a trifle too sassy to be completely convincing, and played eighteen holes with Magruder. And that night Magruder took her to a dance in town.

If she went with Magruder with the idea of meeting Roy and making him jealous she failed of her purpose, for he did not appear. For an entire anxious week we had no word of him.

After he had been away a week Roy appeared as suddenly and unexpectedly as he had left. There were a number of us in the locker room, Magruder among the lot, when he walked in. He spoke directly and immediately to Magruder.

"I've been driving around the country alone for a week trying to think things out," he said. "I've come back with a proposition."

"Yes?" replied Magruder with a sneer. "What is it?"

"Just this," said Roy doggedly. "You've made me look like a cheap, weak, spiritless thing, a cringing coward. I can't fight you with my fists and duels with guns don't go in this country any more. The only thing we can both do anywhere near even is play golf."

"You flatter yourself," Magruder said. "I can lick you playing golf ninety-nine times out of a hundred."

"I know it," replied Roy. "I'm willing to take one chance in a hundred at golf. I'll play you an eighteen hole match for a bet and play it your way. No etiquette goes. Nothing in the way of conversation is barred."

"You mentioned a bet," said Magruder. "How much?"

"I figure we're worth about the same amount of money," Roy went on patiently. "By cashing in on everything I own I can realize about sixty thousand dollars. Can you rake up that much?"

"Just about," Magruder answered slowly. "You mean——"

"I mean that I'll play you eighteen holes for sixty thousand dollars," Roy announced distinctly. "The loser agrees to leave the State at once and not come back for ten years."

There was a moment of silence during which we all stared at Anscomb, stunned, and then Magruder slammed his right fist into the palm of his left hand. He always had to pound something when excited.

"You're on," he yelled.

II.

THERE was a silent, tense crowd waiting at the first tee when the two showed up to begin that mad match. Hazel Forsythe was there looking very pale and frightened and miserable. She knew, of course, as everyone else did, that the battle of golf sticks that was destined to make a pauper out of one of the two men was really being fought over her. But what could she do? Her name hadn't been brought into the affair. On the face of it, the game was not her business. She could only do as the rest of us did—stand by and watch.

Magruder won the honor. Just before he drove off he turned to Roy and said:

"It's understood that anything in the way of conversation goes between shots?"

"Right," assented Roy. "Shoot!"

Magruder poked a vicious, low-flying screamer far down the middle of the course for two hundred and forty yards and stepped back laughing nastily.

"Now it's your shot, runt," he said. "And after you shoot it will be your shot again. What do you know about that?"

Roy followed with a shot that was a good

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Will Prove to You that You Can Make $100 a Week

Yes, you can make $100 a week. You can make $5,000 a year and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made $750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made $80 in five hours. You don't have to wait. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take any course or do any studying. You can start right in next week. You can begin at once to make a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. The money is there for you to get. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it, for this is meant for you.

700 Men and Women Wanted at Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a net, clear, cold profit for yourself of anywhere from $50 to $100 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. W. A. Webster, of Virginia, made $6 in 1½ hours; Dennis Spear, of Kansas, cleared $8.90 his first day; W. P. Stone, of Maine, made $24 in 4½ hours. All without experience or training, and you can do as well or better.

Amazing Profits for Easy Work

We are the originators and manufacturers of Zanol Products—the nationally advertised line of pure food products, toilet preparations, soaps, perfumes, household and laundry necessities—over 350 different kinds. Four million dollars' worth were bought last year, but none of these products are sold in stores.
We sell direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could otherwise be secured. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us, we appoint a representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the Zanol Representative. The rest is easy, for our products are in demand everywhere.

Your Profits Will Begin at Once

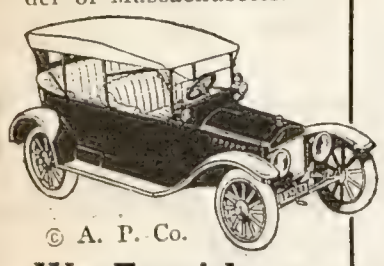
These records show you how our representatives make large profits the first day. You can easily do as well.

$16 Profit First Day
That's the record of Alyse Leblanc of Massachusetts.

$32 Profit in 8 Hours
is the result of the first day's work of Adolph Montoya of New Mexico.

$13 Profit First Afternoon
Jacob Myron of Connecticut started in the morning and cleared over $13 before evening.

$40 in 24 Hours
was the result of the first work of B. Collander of Massachusetts.



© A. P. Co.

We Furnish an Automobile

We offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from $10 to $30 a day in cash.

More Than a Million Dollars Made By Our Representatives In 8 Months

If you want your share of these big profits all you need do now is write. We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business. We furnish it free. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We help you in every way to get started quick and to make big profits without waiting or delay.

You will be given the same proposition that has brought thousands of dollars in cash to E. S. Shelly of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Nora Kearns, of Mississippi; Edgar Banville, of Massachusetts, and dozens of other.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will show you how you can make $100 a week, and even in your spare time $8 to $10 a day for a few hours' work. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible. So mail the coupon. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Write now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
Dept. 1006, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres.
The American Products Co.,
Dept. 1006, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name.....

Address.....

(Write Plainly)

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

drive for him, but at that it was thirty or forty yards short of Magruder's effort.

"From now on you play to catch up," Magruder taunted exultantly as they started down the course together.

Roy reached his ball, studied the lie carefully while Magruder maintained a steady fire of jeering comment, and stuck a nice one just short of the green. It was a good shot. Nothing to write books about, but good. Magruder was up where he could use his midiron and with this he laid the ball neatly on the green, some ten feet from the cup.

"Take the change out of that shot and try and buy wine on Broadway with it," he said tauntingly as he chucked his club to the caddy.

Roy did not reply. He walked to his ball, looked at it in silence. Then he took his mashie and ran the ball up to within a foot of the cup. There was a burst of applause from the gallery while Magruder scowled.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "What a lucky little bum you turned out to be! Trailing along behind like an old cow's tail and then pull off a shot you won't duplicate again in a hundred tries, for a chance at a half! Well, right here's where I scuttle your ship for good, sucker! Watch me sink this one for a birdie!"

Roy said never a word while Magruder studied the line of the putt, took his stance and carefully tapped the ball. There was a gasp from the crowd as the little white pill traveled toward the cup. It went in smartly, hit the back of the cup, and apparently was on its way to the bottom when suddenly it performed one of those miraculous acrobatic feats of which golf balls are so satanically capable; rolled slowly up on the lip, teetered back and forth there for the fraction of a split second, which seemed like an hour, and then came to rest—still outside!

Magruder, who had bent himself into a weird, inhuman shape trying to root the ball down with his muscles, uncurled and let out a roar.

"What do you know about that!" he growled. "That ball must have a spring in it! The darn thing jumped a foot to get out of there! Putt it out, you lucky stiff. This isn't going to get you anything. It just means that you'll live one hole further and suffer that much more before I knock you dead."

Roy still said nothing. He putted out carefully and then Magruder slapped his ball in with one hand and the match was square.

The moment he had putted out Magruder began talking to Roy again, trying to rattle him. And

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

So convenient to apply!

FREE

Make This Seven Night Beauty Test

Are you troubled with blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, tan, sunburn? Is your skin soft, smooth and white? Watch in your mirror the wonders the little pink cream-cake I send will work upon your complexion—in only seven nights. This test has delighted a million women. It is free.

Won't you try this *daintier* way of applying cream nights and mornings?

Women write me the most grateful and interesting letters about this "little pink cake": "I use it in preference to cold creams. It leaves the skin so clean and soft—and removes any pimples or blackheads." And others write: "Just wonderful! Surpasses all the cold creams I've used."—"It cleanses the pores and freshens the skin."—"Has made my skin so beautiful and white that everywhere I go people stare at me."—"A wonderful skin invigorator. Keeps the skin smooth and the complexion clear."—"Have found it to work wonderfully on a rough skin and as a cleanser it has no equal."—"Very soothing and agreeable on rough, red hands."—"Cleared my skin of pimples and blackheads in a week."—"Softens my skin, cleanses, and makes a good base for powder."—"Just what everyone needs here where winds are so dry."—"Counteracts the drying effect of salt water."—"So convenient to carry on trips."

Make the free test

My dears, I might quote you endlessly from letters like these, including many from celebrated stage and film beauties. But after the seven night test you will be equally grateful, I am sure. As a foundation cream which never causes your powder to look "spotty" you will also prize it.

This dainty, fragrant, pink complexion cream-cake is called "Sem-Pray." You simply smooth its cool surface over your face. Next gently massage the skin. Then wipe off. Those precious-to-youth, natural complexion oils—which heat, wind, powder and rouge each day absorb—are replaced. Your skin is clean, clean! And so refreshed!

If you prefer to purchase a cake today, "just say Sem-Pray" at any toilet goods counter. They all have it. Otherwise, please let me mail you my "acquaintance cake." Just send a postal to Mme. La Noré, care of Sem-Pray Jo-ve-nay, 411-L Turner Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Just Say **SEM-PRAY**

New-Better-Simple Lawnmower

Direct from factory

A Child Can Handle It

Trims as it cuts — Saves back-breaking hand work

MONTAMOWER

will give you a neater lawn with less work this summer. Trims close to walls, trees, shrubs, etc., and cuts tall as well as short grass, dandelions, weeds. Entirely new principle. Thousands of satisfied users. Weighs only 7½ lbs., almost silent running. Works perfectly on terraces. Strong, guaranteed mechanically perfect. Cutters resharpen themselves like scissors. MontaMower costs less than ordinary high-grade lawnmower. Send coupon now for special short time reduced price offer.

Special Short-Time Reduction

Montague Mfg. Co.,
148-154 Louis St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Send MontaMower circular and special offer.

Name.....

Address.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

still Roy said nothing in return. And thus all square, though Magruder had shot the better golf, they went to the second tee.

The history of that first hole was the history of the match up until the drive from the eleventh tee. Magruder played the better golf and did all the talking. Roy said nothing, but hole after hole he got his half by a lucky bound or one fortunate shot.

The eleventh at our club is a two hundred and fifty yard hole minus all menace until you get right up to the green. And then—Oh my! In the first place, guarding the approach to the green and right spang up against it, there is a fifteen foot wide water hazard running clear across the fairway.

Then there is the green to consider. Small as it is, it has more mean rolls than an acre of ocean in a storm. And there is more. On the three sides of that fiendish green that are not guarded by the water hazard there are three of the most diabolical sandtraps that ever made death seem a small thing and an end to be desired.

MAGRUDER had all this in mind when he teed up his ball and before he drove he turned and laughed at Roy.

"The hoodoo hole, Anscomb," he said tauntingly. "Here's where I leave you."

He took his stance and whaled away at the pill with all the confidence in the world. Just then someone sneezed explosively, and he hooked his ball deep into some horrible rough about a hundred and twenty-five yards from the tee.

The break on the hoodoo hole! Roy's chance to pick up the lead! Maybe he had a chance to win after all. Magruder might crack!

All these wild thoughts ran through our noodles as we watched Roy stoop and tee his ball. Then he straightened up and instead of taking his stance to shoot down the middle of the course he turned deliberately to the left, shortened up his back swing and poked one as straight as a die right off into that horrible patch of rough, to within fifteen feet of where Magruder's hook shot had landed.

There was not the slightest doubt that he had done it deliberately. The crowd was stunned to silence. Magruder stared at Roy, his mouth comically open and the color fading from his cheeks. There was an expression of acute bewilderment in his eyes. He had nothing to say as he walked toward his ball and Roy was silent and businesslike as he had been throughout the round. The people in the gallery were walking softly. The very air was charged with the promise of drama.

Magruder and Roy found their balls after a short search. Roy's ball was about ten feet short of Magruder's, so it was his first shot. Before he played he walked over and looked at Magruder's ball. Then he inspected his own.

"I wish you'd take a look at this lie of mine," Roy said to Magruder. "It's about the same as yours, isn't it?"

Magruder looked and nodded.

Roy stepped close to him and spoke in a voice that was low, but as grim as cold-blooded murder.

"You're yellow, Magruder," Roy said. "You're yellow and I'm not and I'm going to prove it right here and now. I'm not going to play this safe with my mashie out on the fairway. I'm going to take this iron and carry the water hazard up yonder and lay the ball right dead to the pin. And do you know what's going to happen to you when you see me do that? You're going to crack wide open and the yellow's going to show so that everybody can see it."

With that Roy took his stance and swung. A rising murmur that grew into a shout came from the crowd as the ball sped upward from a fountain spray of twigs, soil, and dried grass. Up and up it went and on and on and still farther. Finally it curved down, dropped on the green in perfect line with the pin and rolled to within six inches of the cup.

Roy turned to Magruder and said, "Beat that with your big bones and your muscle."

Magruder made no attempt to reply. He took his midiron and tried to duplicate the shot Roy had made, but topped his ball and sent it skittering twenty-five yards deeper into the rough. He tried again and again, failing to get out, picked up and conceded the hole.

Roy Anscomb said nothing until after he had driven from the twelfth tee and then he turned and spoke to Magruder.

"Get up here on this tee and show these people what you are, Magruder," he said suddenly, stern and commanding. "Prove to them what I already know—that you're just a cowardly quitter. Get up here and tremble and shake and dub your shot. Your time's come."

ROY stepped back and Magruder walked up onto the tee. His knees were shaking so that he could hardly stand. His hands trembled so violently that after making a half dozen attempts at molding a tee and setting his ball on it he had to sign for his caddie to do it for him. Then, most terribly alone in the midst of an awful silence, Magruder fought to recapture for just one moment the ability which was normally second nature to him, to take his driver and draw it back and swing true and hit that little white ball on the tee at his feet. The attempt was horribly silly. He topped the ball and sent it bounding along for not more than twenty-five yards.

No one said a word. Roy ignored him completely. And Wood Magruder, the strong man, the devotee of force, the apostle of the gospel that all things belong by right to the victor, walked alone to his ball and again went through a humiliation which must have been the equivalent in agony of anything ever devised by the fiends of the Inquisition. Despising Magruder as I did, I hadn't the heart to watch him. He dubbed his brassie as he had dubbed his drive. He was gone. Utterly gone. He was shaking from head to foot. He couldn't talk.

Men and women looked at him furtively, carefully avoiding his eyes. We were ashamed of him and for him.

Magruder stumbled on hole after hole, like a man in the grasp of a horrible nightmare, and hole after hole he lost, until the end of the match on the fifteenth green, which found him five down and three to go.

AND then Roy Anscomb spoke to him again. He spoke in a low voice, but we could all hear.

"You're yellow, Magruder," he said. "You're big and strong, but you're yellow. A quitter. You don't know yet just how much of a quitter you are, but you're going to find out right now! I'm going to let you welch on that bet of ours and you're going to be yellow enough to take advantage of my generosity. You haven't got the nerve to refuse to accept my offer. Isn't that right?"

"It's all the money I've got in the world," Magruder said. "If you insist on my paying it——"

"I don't," Roy replied sharply. "I only insist on your knowing, as I know, that you're yellow enough not to pay it if I don't insist. Now, you take your big shoulders and your big fists and your big ideas about what a mighty man you are and turn around and walk off of this golf course and don't you ever come back."

Magruder turned and went away without a backward look. And as he went I turned to Hazel, who had stuck to my side closer than a cockle burr during that match. She'd made a mistake and she knew it. She'd suffered bitterly, but she'd been game and never whimpered. And now with tears in her eyes, but with pride for Roy shining in her face she held out both hands to him.

"Oh, Roy," she said. "I——"

I don't think even Roy heard the rest of it for they flew together like a magnet and a piece of steel and the rest of her sentence was buried in the front of his sweater. Still holding her tight Roy looked at me over Hazel's shoulders and smiled his nice wide-lipped smile. Some dust had gotten in my eyes and made them water and I was trying to find my handkerchief. His grin widened.

"It's a great game," he said.

THE END

Make Your EYES Your Best Feature

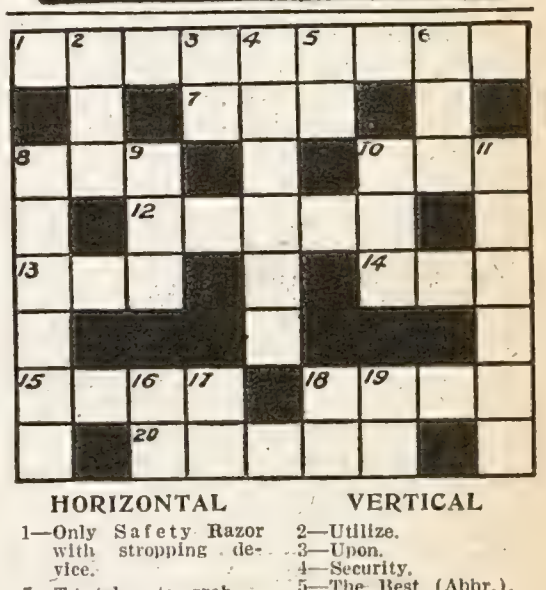
Clear, bright, vivacious EYES add more real beauty to the face than any other feature. Of what avail are pearly teeth and a flowerlike skin if your EYES are dull and lifeless?

Daily cleansing with **Murine** will help make your EYES your most attractive feature. It keeps them free from irritating particles—encourages a clear, bright, healthy condition. This refreshing, invigorating lotion contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company
Dept. 86, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



HORIZONTAL

1—Only Safety Razor with stropping device.
7—To take, to grab (slang).
8—To place.
10—Insures entire satisfaction (Abbr.).
12—Free from stain, spotless.
13—Best Card.
14—Neither.
15—Without effort.
18—Cease.
20—Shaving instrument.

VERTICAL

2—Utilize.
3—Upon.
4—Security.
5—The Best (Abbr.).
6—Unit.
8—Daily pleasure for men when right razor is used.
9—This cleans easily (Abbr.).
10—Tavern.
11—Sharpens (as a razor blade).
16—Safety Razor (Abbr.).
17—Abbreviation for each.
18—In that manner or degree.
19—Initials of famous president.

Send solved puzzle, together with 25 cents, to A. S. R. Co., 663 First Avenue, New York City, and receive as an introductory offer a handsome utility knife—retail value 50 cents.

This offer expires on May 17, 1925

Have you the Winning Story?

Get an expert analysis before you submit it.

We have read and successfully placed some of the conspicuous fiction, drama and motion picture successes for the last ten years.

We will read and constructively criticize the synopses of entrants in the "$50,000 Liberty Contest" for a nominal fee of $5.

Send your synopses and fee today.

LAURA D. WILCK, Inc.
1476 Broadway, New York City.

Society never winks at this *weakness*

The seeker after social popularity may be utterly without distinction in a dozen ways—yet social success may be hers!

But there is one thing which is a hopeless social handicap. One thing without which no woman can live up to a man's ideal of her—*perfect personal cleanliness.*

If girls and women—yes, and men, too—could only understand that soap and water alone cannot counteract disagreeable perspiration odor and moisture! Special measures are necessary to keep the underarms always dry and odorless.

3,000,000 people now find their one perfect precaution in the original perspiration corrective—Odorono, the underarm toilette! Formulated by a physician for *both* moisture and odor, Odorono is now widely used in hospitals by physicians and nurses who know its antiseptic qualities and scientific action.

A clear, clean liquid, Odorono is as delightful to use as the daintiest toilet water. You need apply it only twice a week to enjoy absolute assurance of perfect underarm cleanliness.

Such a little thing and yet it means so much! Never a trace of that repellent odor; never a garment with unsightly stains of moisture! Adopt the underarm toilette *now;* you can get Odorono at any toilet counter, 35c, 60c and $1 or sent by mail postpaid.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company, 324 Blair Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio

Canadian address:
107 Duke St., Toronto

Send for this dainty Sample Set of the Underarm Toilette

RUTH MILLER
324 Blair Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Depilatory with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

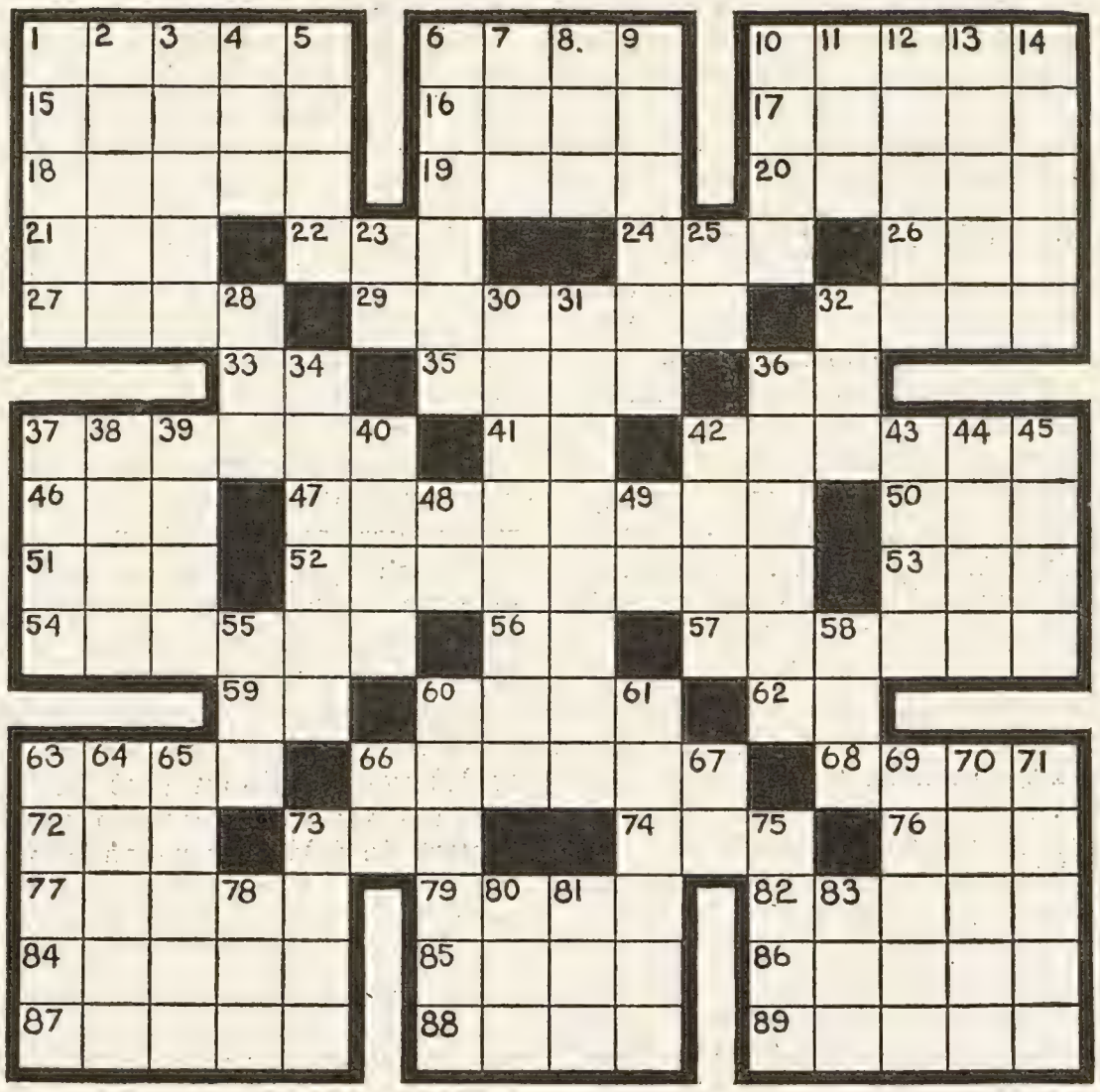
Name .....

Address .....

(Note: Sample of any one, 5c)

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle
No. 23

PUT on your thinking cap and tackle this sixteen-square puzzle. Have you ever noticed that puzzles made of an even number of squares are about as rare as a day in June? You ought to be able to solve this puzzle in fifteen minutes. But don't send in your answers. Keep them to check up with the solution in next week's Liberty.

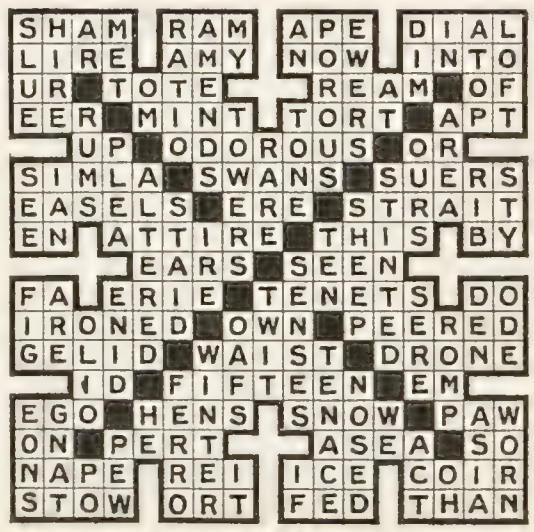


HORIZONTAL

1 Nut
6 To this degree or extent
10 Resident of an Italian city famed for its tower
15 A feminine proper name
16 To relieve
17 To rub out, as pencil marks
18 Responsibilities
19 A kind of pitcher or jug
20 The nest of a bird of prey
21 And so forth
22 A Scotch cap
24 Organ of hearing
26 To append, as a statement
27 Observes
29 To send back
32 Hastens
33 Alternative
35 A vale or valley
36 Thus
37 A load
41 Prefix signifying twofold
42 Miniature representation of an object [plural]
46 Indefinite pronoun
47 Joined, as metallic surfaces, by an alloy
50 Plan
51 Indian of a Shoshonean tribe
52 Was present at any place or function
53 To cover with frosting
54 To walk with tottering steps
56 A continent [initials]
57 Put to the proof
59 That is
60 Obtains
62 Letter of the Greek alphabet
63 Not living
66 Students at a military academy
68 A labyrinth
72 A fairy
73 Buzz
74 Finish
76 Youth
77 Combining form denoting the presence of niter
79 A tiresome person
82 Expiate
84 Notions
85 Aroma
86 One who moves
87 To absorb
88 Dregs
89 To squeeze

VERTICAL

1 Steps
2 To puff up
3 A beautiful sorceress who lured Ulysses
4 One of the fifty-two playing cards
5 A bird's dwelling
6 Stocked to overflowing
7 Word of command used by teamsters
8 Utility
9 Calm
10 A fruit
11 Ill temper
12 Biblical proper name [Genesis xi., 31]
13 Off the main route or track
14 Requires
23 One hundred square meters
25 The Christian era [initials]
28 Turf
30 Infuriated
31 To estrange
32 A coal scuttle
34 A sale at second hand or at retail
36 Heavy with moisture
37 A set-to
38 To [formal style]
39 Tall bamboolike grass
40 A short letter
42 Join
43 To give forth
44 To draw together as with string
45 Moved with haste
48 Lieutenant [abbr.]
49 Road [abbr.]
55 Accomplished
58 Any amount
60 Frolic
61 Guides
63 A cotton fabric
64 To omit from consideration
65 Subsequently in time or place
66 Cubic [abbr.]
67 Tin [symbol]
69 Higher than
70 Areas or regions
71 Those who gaze earnestly or intently
73 Flexible pipe for conveying liquids
75 Moist
78 A tatter
80 Poem suited to be set to music
81 Eggs of fish
83 Rocky pinnacle



Answer to Puzzle No. 22

Try

Underwood *Pure* Deviled Ham *in the NEW* 10c *SIZE!*

TEA for two, a bedtime snack, an appetizing lunch for children. Now, for only 10 cents, you can buy enough UNDERWOOD Pure Deviled Ham for any such occasion.

A new size can, but the same good ham that folks have relished for over 60 years. No substitutes, no adulterants, nothing but big, sweet, tender hams, boiled *en casserole,* chopped fine and seasoned with delicate spices.

Larger sizes for larger parties, but be sure you get the can with the famous Red Devil.

Send 10c for new size can.
Book of 59 tempting recipes free.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY
58 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.
In business over 100 years

D. W. Griffith

tells How to Write for LIBERTY'S GREATEST CONTEST

$50,000 *for* An Idea

SUITABLE *for a* STORY *for* LIBERTY *and for a* MOTION PICTURE

D. W. GRIFFITH

The best time to enter Liberty's sensational new contest is NOW—*not at the last moment! You will certainly want to enter. In exchange for the small amount of time which is required for you to write your idea, Liberty offers you a chance to win not only a fortune but world-wide fame. The following is the fourth of a series of weekly articles by celebrated authors, film stars, and directors, giving invaluable suggestions as to what ideas make the best stories and screen plots. Remember, you do not have to be a writer. The best stories are from life. Tell your story—in your own way. The rules will show you how simple it is.*

By D. W. GRIFFITH

The Most Famous Motion Picture Director in the World

AMONG the most interesting things in the world is the weather. It is full of endless dramatic possibilities. It is a theme of action—wind blowing, sun scorching, sand storms swirling. It entails human struggle and sacrifice. It is an agent of fate.

But a story teller finds that it has another—and, perhaps, greater—virtue. Everybody knows about it.

I have used the weather to illustrate what I regard as the first rule to observe in fiction of any sort: Write of some familiar thing! People are interested in things they know about. Usually, the more they know about any certain thing, the more they are interested in it.

This advice seems very trite, but it is very true. If I were going to submit an idea in Liberty's great contest I wouldn't place my story in Tahiti or Timbuktu. I would place it in an ordinary home, or in an office, or in a department store. I would give it a love theme of some sort. And then I would give it action.

Parent and child love is as universal as man and woman love. The latter, however, introduces suspense and produces a climax. So it yields more abundant dramatic material.

Quickening action toward the climax is essential. The so-called "run-to-the-rescue" is the subject of cynical jibes. However, an inch summer rainfall is given a paragraph in the press. But a rainfall after a drought, that rescues the crops! Ah, that is news, a news story with a run to the rescue! Such illustrations could be repeated endlessly.

For myself, I prefer a story of simplicity and ideals, of sweetness and beauty, with laughter and tears. I like a story of real human beings, such as I tried to show in Isn't Life Wonderful? I desire a story that will stimulate a little thought, arouse us to our selfishness, make us perhaps gentler and kinder, stir us to acts of courage and the will to achieve the utmost in our work, and make us realize that the greatest happiness is in our efforts, sincerely planned and thoroughly done.

If I can get part of that into a story I will feel that I have found the greatest story ever written for a motion picture. Somebody please write it!

NEXT WEEK

Bebe Daniels,

whose escapades on the screen have endeared her to every young person in the land (and to many older ones, too), tells what kind of a story to write for her in Liberty's great contest!

Here Are the Rules of This Remarkable Contest

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.

Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less.* By "synopsis" we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story.

If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William de Mille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation, and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay, or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

Tailored Modes Stressed *for* Street Wear

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND 10 CENTS

By PATRICIA

MORE than ever, the tailored mode is shown for street wear. Designers are leaving no detail of men's clothes unborrowed. First, the convertible collar and shirt bosom front adapted itself to sports and general wear dresses for women. Now we have annexed the double-breasted coat and notched lapel, and have even gone so far as to take over all rights to the style of men's shirt cuffs.

Front fullness is smart and decidedly new! Two box plaits placed at the front of the skirt in pattern No. 2338 obtain the much desired added width about the hemline of this sports or general wear dress. Wool jersey, flannel, or kasha is suggested for this style, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Faille silk is another popular material.

For the 36-inch size dress pattern No. 2338 takes 3¼ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

It is no wonder so many women are learning the joys of home sewing! With styles so simple as the one shown in pattern No. 2120 even the woman who has no sewing ability can make herself a charming new dress at little cost of time, money, and energy.

Flannel in any of the new colorings, jersey, or kasha, either plaid or striped or in its natural shade (beige), would be very good looking developed in style No. 2120.

The side front closing dress is excellent for spring wear when you go without a topcoat. The young girl would look very chic in tan kasha, using the long sleeve provided in pattern No. 2194. With this she might wear a hat to match of felt.

Dress pattern No. 2194 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 708, which comes in blue and yellow, costs ten cents.

Cape effects are good this spring. It's easy to picture how attractive pattern No. 2199 would be in navy blue twill or crepe de Chine with red cape lining and button trimming.

Dress pattern No. 2199, which can be made without the cape back if you so prefer it, comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 21-inch lining.

Twill with plaid silk collar and cuffs makes the jaunty style shown in pattern No. 2210. Kasha, flannel, and jersey are also suitable if you want a general wear dress. The patterns, which are cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38. 40, and 42 inches bust measure, can be used for silk crepes, ribbed silks, and wash cottons, too. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ⅞ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number Size Price

.....

.....

.....

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Contrasting Coats *and* Skirts Are New *and* Chic

by Corinne Lowe

EVERY woman remembers that virulent epidemic of "boy suits" last year. This spring we still have the same snappy little mannish jackets, but, on the whole, we are rather convalescent from our sartorial malady. The reason for this is that just at present there are so many different types of spring suits. Here, briefly, are the three types which have dominated Paris openings.

First, there is the model with the long redingote jacket, narrow of sleeve, notched of collar and perhaps indicating through seams a waistline either at the hips or above. Second, there is the type with a three-quarter-length coat which is straight and quite loose. This jacket is worn over a tunic blouse which is often very elaborate in character, and we usually find this tunic matched by the coat lining. The third member of the spring triumvirate is the suit with the coat modeled after a man's sack coat.

Aside from such broad general outlines, there have been some sensational developments in this province. The most pronounced of these is the new trick of combining a coat of dark cloth with a skirt of contrasting tone. This is practiced with especial fervor in the redingote and sack coat models, and the right hand sketch today presents one of O'Rossen's numerous interpretations of the idea. Behold here the tailored coat of navy serge combined with skirt and waistcoat of sand-colored cloth.

As to the skirt, we find it still narrow and chilly. Shorter than ever, in fact, are these mere symptoms of fabric.

In the matter of materials we cling affectionately to the good old mannish fabrics. However, one certainly does not need to look sombre just because one is wearing a suit. One may choose woolens which are in the gayest of colors—green, Madonna blue, the favorite pinky beige, and tones of lavender leanings. However, there is no gainsaying that there is a predominance of gray and beige among the fashionable suits of the year.

Also there is a number of black models; and navy blue, which has been revived heartily, has engaged the attention of some of the most famous Parisian suit fanciers. In the compose suit, the combination of black or navy jacket with beige skirt is perhaps the first thought.

Of course there is always some deft attempt to link blouse with coat and skirt. Such finesse is well illustrated in our third sketch, in which a long coat of Madonna blue crepalga lined with natural kasha is shown, worn over a skirt of identical material topped by a jumper of the kasha. This jumper is piped and belted in the blue and, to return the compliment, the skirt is bound with the kasha.

AT the left, a boyish coat of black cheviot is linked with skirt of either beige or white woolen. A delightful, youthful suit for resort wear occurs next in turquoise crepe. The plaits of the skirt are repeated in the rounded filet of the blouse. Next, a two-piece suit worked out in Madonna blue crepalga and natural kasha. The last is an O'Rossen model with tailored coat of navy serge contrasting with skirt and waistcoat of beige cloth.

The Windsor closed

The Windsor

The Empire

Announcing the OPERADIO CONVERTIBLE

A DeLuxe Cabinet Housing the Powerful Operadio Portable

The remarkable success of the 1925 Operadio—a six tube set of exceptional efficiency in a compact carrying case, has led to another new and revolutionary development.

Operadio engineers, in conjunction with leading designers of fine furniture, have evolved two dignified and beautifully proportioned walnut cabinets, to house the portable set when used in your home. These two Period models, graceful of line, and unique in design, provide a worthy interior setting for this most talked of receiver of the year, with its features of great power and efficiency and wonderful tone quality.

Now in this one set there is *every* desirable feature of radio. In the home you may have a cabinet of unprecedented beauty, that uses no outside wires or connections, no separate loud speaker.

Or by removing the set, you have a *complete*, self-contained receiver with loud speaker, six tubes, large battery supply and all parts enclosed in a smart-looking case—ready for you to carry with you on trips or vacations.

The Operadio has shown itself in every way the equal, if not superior, of any big set on the market. Range, selectivity, ease of tuning, clear, true, beautiful tone, all of these are here, and in addition, its amazing convenience— permitting radio to be enjoyed anywhere, indoors or out, upstairs or down.

The 1925 Operadio removed from cabinet and ready for use.

You can buy the Operadio Convertible in either Windsor or Empire Model. Or you can buy the standard set in the carrying case alone. And if you now own the 1925 Operadio you can secure one of these beautiful cabinets in which it may be placed.

Ask your dealer—or write us direct.

Mail this Coupon

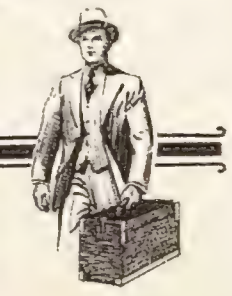
THE OPERADIO CORP.,
8 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me complete particulars about the 1925 Operadio.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Why Jericho Had Walls

In a certain small town the citizens had been much annoyed one summer by the horses owned by a man named Burk getting in their yards and gardens, especially at night. One Sunday at Sunday school the teacher of the primary class was telling the little folk about the capture of Jericho and how the walls fell down. Then she asked:

"And why did they have walls around the city?"

A small boy immediately answered:

"I don't know, unless it was to keep Burk's horses out."—R. B. J., Alburnett, Ia.

* * *

A First-Class Excuse

Freddie liked to ride his bicycle on the sidewalk, although it was against the rules of the police department. One day his uncle stopped him as he was trying to pass, and said:

"Freddie, don't you know you'll be arrested if the policeman sees you riding on the sidewalk?"

Freddie looked puzzled for a moment, then said:

"Well, I'd rather be 'rested on the sidewalk than get killed in the middle of the street!"—Mrs. F. S., Salina, Kas.

* * *

She Wanted the Ice Warm

Petite, who had just begged a piece of ice from the iceman, with the rest of the juveniles of the neighborhood, came into the kitchen where I was talking to her mother. She went up to the sink and, holding the ice under the hot water faucet, she said:

"Here, mother, please wash this ice and make it warm."—Mrs. L. E. W., Geneva, N. Y.

* * *

How Inconsiderate!

Mary, aged four, was quite a frequent visitor at our house. One morning she came just as I was going out, and was told to come at another time. Mary looked displeased and said:

"Why don't you stay home some time? You are always gone, and my mother might want to borrow something."—R. C., Danville, Ill.

* * *

Lazy Hens

George, aged six, was sent out to see if there were any eggs in the nest. When he came back he said there were no eggs to be seen, but there were some hens doing nothing. —V. T., Pensacola, Fla.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 54

Truly delicious! Makes the hours go faster—its use is

"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

FREE to the DEAF

10 Days Trial of the World Famous **Acousticon**

Every one who is troubled with deafness is now invited to enjoy Ten Days of Good Hearing with the world-famous Acousticon. Let us send you our latest improved model for 10 days' free use entirely at our risk and expense. No deposit required—no obligation on your part. Just try it—10 days Free—and let results convince you.

Mr. A. H. Herrick, of Harvard University, says: "We who suffer from impaired hearing have cause for profound gratitude to you." Rev. G. M. Rainey, the Evangelist, says: "The results have been all you claim." Mr. A. Hollander, of the Equitable Life, New York, says, "Not a day passes but what I recommend the Acousticon to friends or business acquaintances—it has made a new man of me." In like manner write thousands of others, expressing their gratitude—men and women in every state, in practically every civilized country on earth. Yet we don't ask you to believe. We simply ask that you allow us to prove the merits of the Acousticon in your own case, to your own complete satisfaction without a penny of expense or risk on your part. Just try it—free—that's all we ask. Send name and address today.

Dictograph Products Corporation
1309-L Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York

Is Love Everything?

A Motion Picture Review by ALVA TAYLOR

Robert Whitney (Frank Mayo) and Mrs. Southwick (Alma Rubens) discuss their future in Is Love Everything?

A FEW years ago it was the fashion in movie titles to ask a hypothetical question and then proceed blithely to forget all about it. Anything that asked a question was a great title and went over big. The producer never answered it with his picture.

Now and then an isolated film maker still feels the urge to propound a question. Mr. Murray Garsson has done so in Is Love Everything? But by the time the last fadeout has flitted from the screen, everyone from orchestra drummer to the last row balcony fan, from the prop boy to the camera man, is aware beyond any possible shadow of doubt that love is, indeed, everything.

Virginia Carter loves and is engaged to Robert Whitney. But she marries Jordan Southwick, because Robert, attractive and attentive to other women, does not seem the ideal type for a good husband. Jordan Southwick lavished love and luxury upon Virginia, and for two years she tried to love him, putting her old lover out of her life entirely except for some memories and old love letters.

The letters one day fall into the unscrupulous hands of a good-for-nothing brother, who sees in them a means of extracting a generous loan from his brother-in-law. The husband nobly disdains either to read or take the letters. But a germ of jealousy and distrust is born in his husbandly breast.

The husband invites Robert to a house party. The look in his wife's eye when she first sees the man she loves causes friend husband great anguish and more suspicion. He must put her to a test. Movie husbands always do. Jordan Southwick's method is to transform the house party into a yachting party. He figures the propinquity of all three parties concerned may cause his wife to reveal her feelings. Had he stopped to think a bit he might have realized that the propinquity of the suspected lovers would be sure to give him cause for jealousy if there were not already such cause.

But jealous husbands seldom stop to think. Mr. Southwick figured the yachting party was as good a scheme as any to find out how his domestic affairs stood.

The effect upon Virginia is to show her that love ought to be everything. But she resolves to make loyalty count more. At this stage of affairs the yacht is wrecked by a rum lugger, and the lovers are seemingly the sole survivors. When they get home no husband has turned up. Nothing stands in the way of their love. Love is now everything.

Jordan Southwick, also rescued, returning home in hopes of finding a tender wife anxiously awaiting news of a shipwrecked husband, finds instead a happy couple rejoicing over his supposed drowning. However, without being seen himself, he overhears his wife express not only profound admiration for him but deep regret that she could not have learned to love him. Jordan then decides that love is everything, including sacrifice. He leaves as quietly as he arrived, to sail the seas for the rest of his life with the captain who rescued him.

All this may sound to you just the kind of thing you like to see on the screen. Or it may appear to be exactly the type of story you don't like. However, the picture is well put on. It possesses a certain high-class atmosphere of production, which raises even an insignificant story out of the worthless category. This atmosphere depends upon a good cast, smooth directing and evidence of money wisely spent, if the story calls for luxury. If a story is set in the midst of luxury and plenty no one will put up with a cheap presentation. We must have our realism.

The cast in Is Love Everything? has the good fortune to include Alma Rubens and H. B. Warner. Alma, as the young wife, looks as beautiful as ever, and wears luxurious clothes that will be the envy of the women in the audience.

H. B. Warner, as the husband, hasn't a great opportunity to give much of his usual fine work as an actor until the end of the picture, when he portrays grief and sacrifice. But you will like him in what he has to do.

Directed by Murray W. Garsson
Released by Associated Exhibitors

THE CAST:

Virginia Carter	*Alma Rubens*
Robert Whitney	*Frank Mayo*
Jordan Southwick	*H. B. Warner*
Boyd Carter	*Walter McGrail*
Edythe Stanley	*Lilyan Tashman*
Mrs. Carter	*Marie Shaeffer*
Mrs. Rowland	*Irene Howley*

Next Week: THE BOOMERANG

A B. P. Schulberg Production

Here are some of the money-making Liberty Boy Salesmen of Denver, Colo., working under the direction of our dealer, the Geo. R. Klein News Co.

Boys!-make money!

Start Your Own LIBERTY Magazine Route-It's Easy

You can make money the very first week. No waiting—no hard work—no long hours. We'll show you how. Just send the coupon. Every boy can do it. No experience needed. We supply everything: bag, magazines, and full instructions. You don't need one penny to start.

There's a Liberty Boy Organization in your town. You can join them and begin making money at once. Just work in your spare time: a few hours a day—or just Saturdays. No interference with school or other duties. No need to leave your neighborhood. Simply deliver Liberty to your customers, every week. That's all.

At last, here is your chance to earn your own spending money—every week—and be independent. No matter whether you live in a small town or big city, you can sell Liberty and soon have a good paying route established.

Start today. Earn the money to buy the things you want—or save it for your summer outing, etc. Fill in the coupon and mail it. We'll send full details. Read about the Free Prizes given away.

FREE PRIZES-*Send Coupon for Details*

We don't know of any other work that offers you more than selling Liberty. First of all it's good pay—every week—for easy work. Then, we give you a chance to get wonderful prizes besides: such as a regular full size bicycle, a radio set, kodak, saxophone, wagon, every kind of musical instrument, baseball outfits, sporting goods every boy wants—**Free!** Don't wait! Be a Liberty Boy Salesman in your own town and be a happy money-maker. Fill in the coupon. We'll send you catalog of these Free Prizes—and full information.

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Nature Could Not Defeat These Two

House Peters and His Leading Lady Have Survived Many Movie Cataclysms

Captions by
ALVA TAYLOR

Walter Frederick Seely Photo

Freulich Photo

WAMPAS, BABY STAR, AND BEAUTY, Miss Patsy Ruth Miller (above) has had her fair share of narrow escapes from movie fire and flood, and will now try her luck with the aid of the strong-armed, stout-hearted Mr. House Peters in a new Universal picture, Overboard, a story of love and adventure on the high seas with the towering waves for the villains, and only a small boat between them and the grave.

ONE OF THE FOREMOST "HE MEN" in motion pictures, Mr. Peters (left), who successfully survived all sorts of natural catastrophes, such as forest fires, tornadoes, floods, and earthquakes, in pictures of the type of The Storm and The Tornado, will now pit himself against the angry ocean in the new Universal production, Overboard.

Broken Waters

A Serial of Romance in a Tropic Setting of Bright Sun and Sparkling Seas—Adventure, Mystery, and a Struggle for a Fortune in Jewels

By

Frank L. Packard

Pictures by FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Who's Who *in the* Sixth Installment

JOHN CRANE, a wealthy planter of Talimi, in the South Seas. While in France, he receives a visitor with a letter from an old friend. The letter begs him to take charge of a fortune in Russian jewels, menaced by Soviet agents. He agrees and gives the visitor a written inventory, to identify whoever claims the jewels. He then returns to Talimi to await a visit from

DONALD LANE of New York, his nephew. At Suva Lane meets and falls in love with

ANNE WALTON, beautiful daughter of

HENRY WALTON, a Talimi planter, hated by Crane. The Waltons are going to Talimi. Anne is shocked to hear her father plotting with another to obtain the jewels by stealing the inventory from a messenger coming to claim them. She overturns a table bearing a checkered cap. Her father hears, catches her, and by threatening Lane's life, makes her promise to say nothing of what she heard. Overwhelmed with shame, Anne boards the Talimi boat with the others, and rebuffs Lane, whom she now loves, because of the taint upon her name. On the boat is

MONSIEUR FARADEAU, whom Anne judges to be the messenger. Although bound to secrecy, she visits his cabin at night to warn him in general terms—only to discover, from seeing his checkered cap, that he is her father's confederate, and that the unknown has been robbed some time before. By threatening Faradeau's life with her revolver, she forces him to confess that he has given the paper to Lane for safe keeping. In order to frustrate her father's plan, she fires the revolver at the floor, draws Lane from his cabin, and steals the paper. Her father tells her, however, that since Lane has seen the paper he will vouch for Faradeau, and they will obtain the jewels anyway. Desperate, Anne formulates a plan, writes a letter to Lane, and when the Alola stops at an island near Talimi, invites Lane to take her ashore for a drive.

CHAPTER XII. *(Continued)*

ANNE went down the gangway and seated herself in a boat manned by four natives. Donald Lane took his place beside her. She searched her mind frantically for some topic of conversation.

"Look!" she said, as the boat pulled away. "You can just see Talimi from here." She pointed to what seemd a tiny spot of haze far away to the eastward. "It's because Talimi's hilly, I suppose, that one can see it, though it's only about twenty miles away."

Lane's dark eyes searched her face steadily.

"I have been looking at Talimi with a great longing for more than two weeks now—ever since a certain ship came to Suva from Auckland," he said gravely. "Anne, what is the matter? What have I done?"

She had invited it. It had come. In one way she *wanted* it to come. But not yet—not here in the boat with these four native boys staring at her.

"You have not done anything," she said in a low voice; "but do not let us talk here. Wait till we get ashore. I"—she smiled up at him suddenly—"I have decided that you are going to take me for a drive."

"Of course!" he agreed, delightedly. "That is, provided anything can be found to drive in."

"There will be no trouble about that," said Anne. It was necessary that Donald should be in possession of a conveyance of some kind when the Alola sailed; otherwise, his explanations of why he wanted one might easily bring information that would arouse his suspicions in time perhaps even to enable him still to catch the Alola. "You can always get an animal and a buggy, such as they are, at Willett's."

"Fine!" said Lane, enthusiastically.

The boat grounded now on the beach. As they stepped ashore Anne pointed to one of the little group of buildings that comprised the town.

"That's Willett's," she said. "If you will get the horse, I will meet you in front of the store—I want to go in there for a moment."

"Right!" said Lane. "But don't be long—we've only an hour!"

She watched him as he hurried away—and suddenly she brushed her hand across her eyes. But her head was up in an instant, and she, too, started toward the road. She knew Kaliti well—she had known it since babyhood. Anne of Talimi, as she was called in the neighboring islands, was equally well known herself. She halted one of the natives, and pointed down the road to Donald Lane's retreating figure.

She spoke rapidly in the native tongue.

The man nodded.

Anne drew out the letter and handed it, together with some money from her purse, to the other. The man nodded as he tucked the letter inside his *lava-lava*.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANNE was standing outside of the general store of Kaliti, as Donald Lane drove up with the horse and buggy. They drove off—at first in silence. The road, once away from town, was like a shady lane, twisting charmingly through a little forest of tropical trees and plants, fragrant with odors of fruits and blossoms.

An hour! She must keep him for an hour—until just before the Alola sailed. It was the last hour she would ever be with him. An

Far ahead there came into view now a number of tiny, luminous pin points where Talimi's houses bordered the lagoon. The Alola had dropped anchor; he could see her portholes.

hour! If that could only span the rest of all her life!

She shivered slightly. She would love this man always. But here in this hour was the end between them—for she was the daughter of a criminal. If she succeeded in what she was risking all for now, she would be gone when he reached Talimi again.

Presently she noticed that he kept glancing intently from first one side of the road to the other.

"What is it?" she asked. "What are you looking for?"

"For a little dell—as nearly like a certain one on Fiji as I can find," he answered.

He turned the horse suddenly off the road into a little grove of trees. "I think this will do. There isn't any stream here; just the cool shade, and the flowers—but there isn't time to search farther." His voice broke a little. "Won't you get out, Anne?"

She made no protest as he helped her to alight—and she allowed him to lead her a little farther in amongst the trees away from the road.

And then he halted, and took her hand, and for the third time asked her the same question: "What is the matter, Anne?"

She shook her head.

"Nothing," she answered.

"That afternoon, Anne," he said, as though he had not heard her reply, "you saved my life at the risk of your own, and afterward, when you were ill, you said things that——"

She had a role to play. She was not playing it. She forced herself to draw back a little—to free her hand.

"One is not responsible for what one says in delirium," she interrupted.

"No; but it is rather good evidence of what is passing in one's mind," he said quietly. "And then you wrote me a note. And if ever a woman told a man she loved him, you told me so in that note."

Anne laughed a little harshly.

"Yes," she said, "I am afraid I allowed myself to be carried away when I wrote that note; but — you know — there is always the woman's prerogative."

"Ah!" he cried out eagerly. "You admit then, since you claim the right to change your mind, that you *did* love me!"

She braced herself with a great mental effort. She was fighting—for his sake—for the contempt of the man she loved.

"No," she said coolly. "I admit—a passing whim."

HE drew back as though she had struck him a blow across the face.

"I do not believe you!" he said hoarsely.

Anne leaned back against a tree trunk—something seemed to be draining her physical strength away. She shrugged her shoulders.

"I am afraid you will have to," she said.

"I do not believe you!" he repeated even more vehemently. "You are not that kind of a woman. If you cared once, you cared for always. Anne, you loved me then—and you love me now!"

"No, I do not love you," she said in a level voice.

He leaned toward her suddenly and caught her by the shoulders.

"Look at me!" he ordered.

She raised her eyes, met his for a moment, tried to hold his gaze—and with a quick, broken, little cry turned her head away.

"*Anne!* I saw it there! The light! The love-light! You *do* love me!" he cried passionately—and swept her into his arms. "I read it there in your eyes — they cannot lie! You are mine, Anne, mine! I know it now!"

For a moment she struggled feverishly to cover her face with her hands, fighting back the kisses that he showered upon her eyes, her lips, her hair; and then, as though all her strength had gone, she lay quiet in his embrace—and a great joy thrilled her. It was just for a moment, a glimpse into a world that wasn't hers —a world of love—his love.

He let her go after a little while, and she sank down at the foot of the tree and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, what have you done!" she cried out miserably.

He was on his knees beside her, his arm around her shoulders.

"What have I done?" His voice came in triumphant little gasps. "What have I done? I've proved that you love me!"

"Then — then so much the worse for you—and me," she said brokenly.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean," she said, "that—that even if I loved you, there—there can never be anything between us."

"Why not?" he demanded, and there was a sudden challenge in his voice. "It's that infernal row between your father and my uncle that's cropped up again!"

"No," Anne answered, and rose a little unsteadily to her feet. "It's—it's because I am not what you think I am. I have no right to your love."

"No right!" he burst out fiercely. "I do not know what you mean—but there isn't anything, no matter what it is, that shall come between us!"

"Something has already come—something that neither you nor I can ever overcome," Anne answered with averted face.

She made a step forward toward the road, but he blocked the way.

"Anne, you shall not go like this! You shall not! I must know what it is! Tell me!"

"You—you are making it very hard," she said, "for I can never tell you." Her eyes were full of tears. "Won't you please take me back now?"

For an instant he hesitated, then quietly he led her back to the road and helped her into the buggy.

"For the moment, yes, Anne," he said, with forced composure. "We won't say anything more about it now. We'll leave it, shall we, for the days ahead at Talimi? And thank God for those days, for I shall never let you go!"

She did not reply, nor did he speak again.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

Eleven months ago there was no such magazine as Liberty; NOW---its net paid circulation exceeds 1,100,000!

"Under a Year and Over a Million!"
Nothing like it ever before!

SUCH a whirlwind trip across the million mark shows how accurately Liberty fits the times. Its appeal is widely varied. It captures all types of people. Every member of the family enjoys it!

Liberty is written as the average American lives. It is human, lively,—*but it is clean.* Liberty's vigorous, concise language—larger, clearer type, are welcome innovations. Its stories and articles are not carried over into an advertising jungle in the back.

No Circulation Crutches!

Liberty's growth has been achieved without offering premiums to subscribers, without clubbing offers or price cutting. It has not only *survived* the acid test of newsstand sale—it has *thrived* on it! Newsstands and boys sell 99% of each week's Libertys.

Liberty advertisers have realized rich returns on their investments in its growth. There are advertisers now appearing in Liberty who bought space at rates based on a half million circulation—less than a year ago. Today they are receiving 1,100,000 circulation, 600,000 of which is excess net paid—velvet! Present rates based on 900,000 have been established for less than a month. They already contain hundreds of thousands excess net paid!

5¢ **Liberty**
A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands

Under a Year And Over a Million!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Near the little town the hoarse blast of a steamer's whistle reached their ears. Her face paled a little. Running toward them, as they came in sight of the beach, was a native who carried a letter in his hand. Lane reined in the horse and took the envelope.

He tore the envelope open, and rapidly read the contents.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed. "What a beastly nuisance!" He dug into his pocket for a piece of money and dismissed the native. "I'm afraid I shall have to stay over here tonight. This is a letter from a chap named Thompson, or, rather, from his wife—do you happen to know them? I don't!"

"Oh, yes!" said Anne. "Mr. Thompson has a plantation on the other side of the island. The road we were on takes you there."

Lane nodded.

"Mrs. Thompson says her husband is down with a touch of dengue fever, and that otherwise Mr. Thompson would have driven in for me. She says my uncle was over here last week on business with her husband, some inventory of Thompson's copra, I take it, and that my uncle suggested I should stay over when the Alola reached here and check up Thompson's figures, and so save the double trip—and that my uncle would send for me the next day."

"I see," said Anne, without looking up.

"I'll have to write a note to Croon, I suppose," said Lane, frowning thoughtfully, "and tell him to have one of the stewards pack up my gear and put it ashore at Talimi."

"There's Captain Croon down there on the beach now," said Anne.

They both got out of the buggy and went down to one of the shore boats, in which the steamer's skipper was preparing to embark. Lane explained the letter he had received, made his request about his baggage, and then drew Captain Croon a little to one side.

"Look here," he said; "tell Monsieur Faradeau quietly for me to introduce himself to my uncle, and that I'll be along some time tomorrow."

"Right you are!" agreed Captain Croon genially. Then to Anne: "Hop in, Miss Anne, and come out with me."

Anne held out her hand to Donald Lane.

"Good-by," she said.

He smiled at her steadily.

"Until tomorrow!" he answered, in a low tone.

Anne stepped into the boat, and presently she found herself climbing the Alola's gangway.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was an hour later when, on the other side of Kaliti, Lane drove up to a large and substantial-looking house set back a short distance from the road. A man of middle age came forward to meet him.

"My name's Lane," said Donald Lane, pleasantly. "I'm John Crane's nephew. I wonder if you'd be good enough to let Mrs. Thompson know I've come?"

"Why—yes, certainly!" answered the man, somewhat perplexed. He swung around and called toward the house: "Nina! Come here a moment, will you? There's someone to see you!" He turned to Lane again, and held out his hand. "I'm Thompson," he said, cordially.

Lane stared.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. He shook hands.

"No, I do not love you," she said in a level voice.

"But—but your wife wrote that you were down with dengue fever."

"Not me!" said Thompson. "I haven't had an ache for twenty years!"

"There must be some mistake, then," said Lane. "I've got the wrong house. It's some other Thompson that I am looking for."

"Then you won't find him!" grinned the other. "I'm the only Thompson on Kaliti."

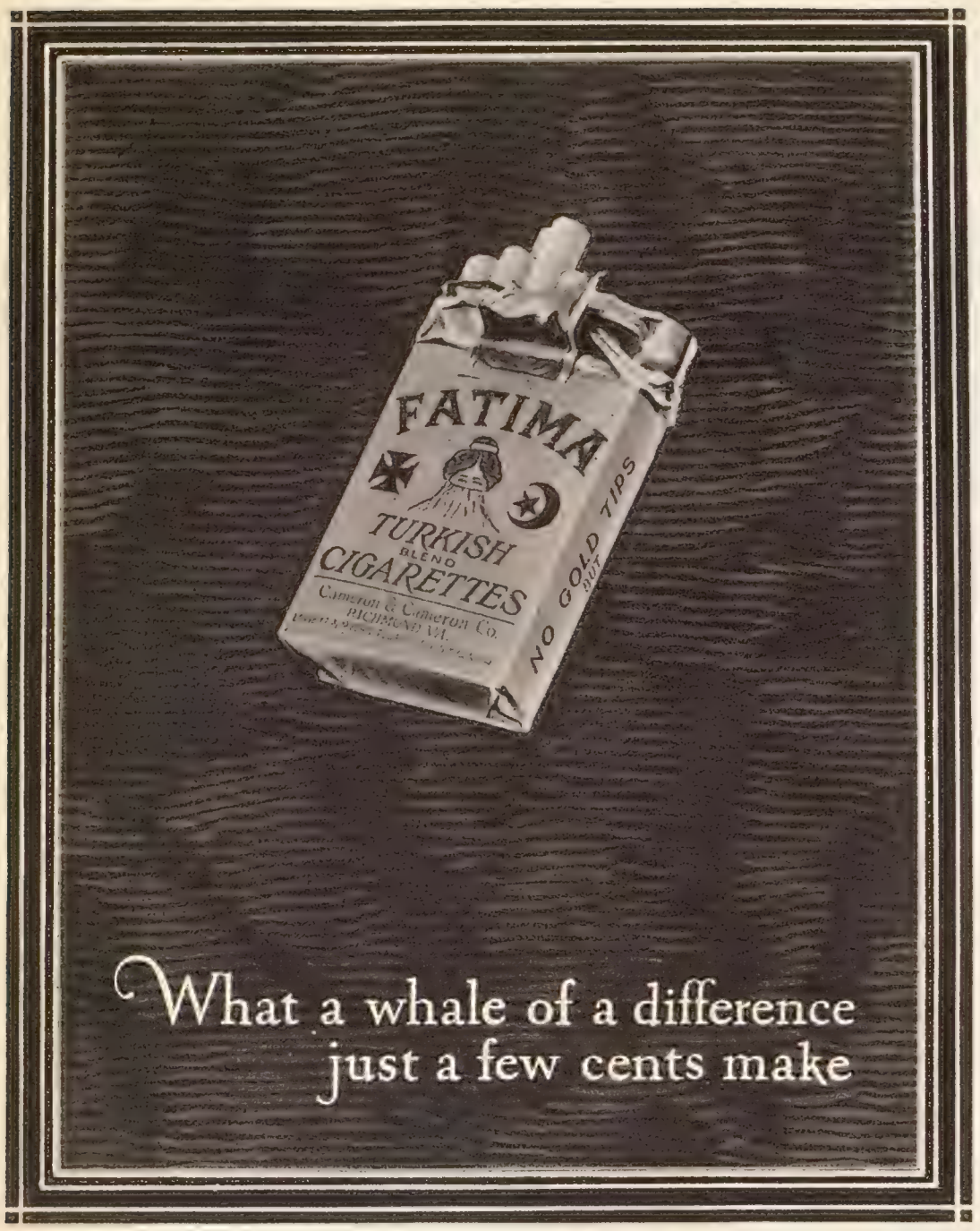
"Well, that's damned queer!" said Donald Lane. He took the letter from his pocket, and handed it to the other.

Thompson read it. He was reading it for the second time when a matronly woman came smilingly from the house and joined them.

"My wife," said Thompson. "Nina, this is Mr. Lane—Crane of Talimi's nephew. He has brought a letter from you."

"From me!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Genuine
BAYER
ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Headache Colds Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

"How do you do, Mr. Lane? From me! But I——"

Thompson handed his wife the letter—and, in turn, she read it, amazement growing in her face.

"Why—why, I never wrote this!" she cried out bewilderedly.

"No," said Thompson, "and to my certain knowledge John Crane hasn't been in Kaliti in a year. I'm afraid someone has been indulging in a practical joke."

LANE'S face had hardened, whitened a little. It wasn't any joke! He had it all in a flash now. It was the answer to why that paper had been stolen from him last night. He, Donald Lane, had been very cleverly sidetracked. The thief evidently intended to present the paper to John Crane, and escape with the package. But to accomplish that it meant that Faradeau, too, at least temporarily, must have no opportunity of meeting John Crane and telling his story. Would it be only *temporarily?* Between Kaliti and Talimi a great deal might happen—to Monsieur Faradeau.

"I'm afraid it's far from a joke!" Lane said, grimly. "So far from it that, in some way or other, I've got to reach Talimi as soon as the Alola does. And, at that, I'm afraid I can't stop what may be murder on her way over."

"Good God!" Thompson's jaw dropped. "Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes!" said Lane, tersely. He was staring down at the beach where a small boat was moored to a wharf. "Isn't that a motor boat you've got there?"

"Well—of a sort!" Thompson answered. "At least there's an engine in her. But ten miles an hour is the utmost she can do, and the Alola must have left an hour ago."

Lane figured quickly.

"She left at six—it's about seven now," he said. "Her best is between six and seven knots an hour. It's twenty miles to Talimi. It will take her a good three hours—that's nine o'clock. Two hours from now at ten miles an hour means Talimi—at nine o'clock. And, besides, the Alola would have to lose a mile or two working in through the reefs. May I have your boat, Mr. Thompson?"

"By the Lord Harry," cried Thompson bluffly, "you're John Crane's nephew, and no mistake. You bet you may have her, and I'll send one of the native boys with you to run her. Nina, send someone to find Ratu. Come along, Mr. Lane—we'll see that your horse gets back safely."

The craft proved to be an ordinary rowboat in which an engine had been installed, and to Lane it seemed to travel like a snail. There was little conversation—and what there was of it was understood

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WANT A GOV'T JOB?

$1140 to $3000 Year

MEN, WOMEN, 18 UP

STEADY WORK

Common education usually sufficient. List of positions obtainable free. Mail coupon before turning the page.

.....CUT HERE.....

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. C205, Rochester, N. Y.

Check the job you want. We will send you: (1) free specimen examination questions and free sample coaching lesson; (2) a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Get Them"; (3) free list of positions now obtainable.

COUPON

...Railway Postal Clerk ($1,900 to $2,700) ...Income Tax Auditor ($2,040 to $3,000) ...Post Office Clerk ($1,700 to $2,100) ...City Mail Carrier ($1,700 to $2,100) ...Rural Mail Carrier ($2,100 to $2,900) ...Customs Positions ($1,140 to $1,860)

Name .....

Address .....

Use it before you lose it. Write plainly.

Safe relief

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the pain of corns in one minute by removing the *cause—friction* and *pressure.*

Zino-pads are thin, medicated, healing, waterproof. Cannot produce infection. Three sizes—for corns, callouses and bunions. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's. Cost but a trifle.

For Callouses

For Bunions

Special shapes and sizes quickly and safely relieve callouses, bunions, blisters and tender spots.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on - the pain is gone

©, S. M. Co., 1924

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

neither by Lane nor his native companion, save when it was amplified by the common and unmistakable language of gesticulation.

At the end of an hour it had begun to grow dark. There was no longer any land to be seen in the fading light—either Talimi ahead or Kaliti astern. But this did not seem in any way to disturb Ratu. Donald Lane resigned himself to such philosophical patience as he could muster. It was at least a smooth sea, and there was the promise of a moonlight night.

As it grew darker, the smooth, undulating surface of the sea began to mirror tiny, shimmering lanes of light as the stars in their myriads began to sprinkle the heavens. And then into the darkness began to creep a soft and mellow glow—the moon was coming up.

Lane felt his arm grasped suddenly.

"Alola!" Ratu grunted—and pointed ahead.

Lane strained his eyes forward. At first he could see nothing; and then, finally, he made out a light—but it was so far away that, left to himself, he would not have noticed it at all.

Donald kept his eyes fixed upon it now. After a while he was certain that it was brighter. They were gaining, of course; he knew that; it was obvious, since they had picked up the Alola at all, but——

Again his arm was grasped.

"Talimi!" grunted Ratu again, and once more pointed ahead.

Yes! He could see that! It looked like a black smudge on the skyline. He was crouched forward now in his seat, watching tensely. The Alola's light grew brighter; Talimi began to loom up out of the darkness and take shadowy form. They drew in closer, and suddenly the Alola's light was gone. She was rounding a point, heading in through the reefs for her anchorage inside the lagoon. She would make it first—that was beyond question now. But by very little! At least he could reach his uncle's house as soon as anyone landing from the Alola could.

HE laughed out suddenly, harshly. His uncle, everybody in the house, probably, would have flocked down to meet the Alola. Well, he could go and stand guard in the living room—be there to *welcome* whoever was craftily imposing himself on John Crane!

The boat rounded the point. Still far ahead showed the Alola's light once more, and beyond again there came into view now a number of other lights, like tiny, luminous pin points, where, some two miles away, he estimated, Talimi's principal group of houses bordered the edge of the lagoon. Between him and the anchorage, but much nearer the latter, was his uncle's house, on a little rise of land that overlooked the lagoon itself.

The lights grew plainer, more distinct. The Alola, he made no doubt, had already dropped anchor; he could see a row of lights that he judged were from her portholes, as though she had swung around broadside to him. And, he was not sure, but there seemed to be another vessel there, too; at least he saw what looked like a riding light high up on a masthead.

His eyes now searched the shore abreast of him. Five minutes passed, another five; and then suddenly he touched Ratu on the shoulder and motioned him to head in directly for the beach. He was, as nearly as he could make out, just opposite his uncle's house.

The boat grounded on the sand. Lane thrust a generous sum of money into the native's hand, sprang ashore, and ran at top speed across the beach. A few hundred yards away, he should, unless he had misjudged his landing, come out into the clearing where his uncle's house was built.

Yes, there it was, dark, shadowy in the moonlight that flooded the clearing. There was no light showing from any window. It was as he had expected. Everybody had gone down to the lagoon to meet the Alola.

Suddenly he halted. The side of the low veranda, where the wide French doors opened into the living room, faced him, and he was certain he had seen something move there.

Lane's lips tightened. He ran silently, reached the veranda, and, tiptoeing noiselessly across it, gained the threshold of the living room.

And then he stood spellbound—like a man dazed and suddenly bereft of reason. There was moonlight enough to see. The sliding panel was open, and a girl's figure stood before it; and from the opening she was in the act of withdrawing the brown paper package of jewels that had been intrusted to John Crane.

He felt himself sway unsteadily upon his feet. And then a great, choking sound came from his lips.

"Anne!" he heard himself cry out miserably.

The package dropped from Anne's hands to the floor. Donald Lane stepped forward into the room toward her.

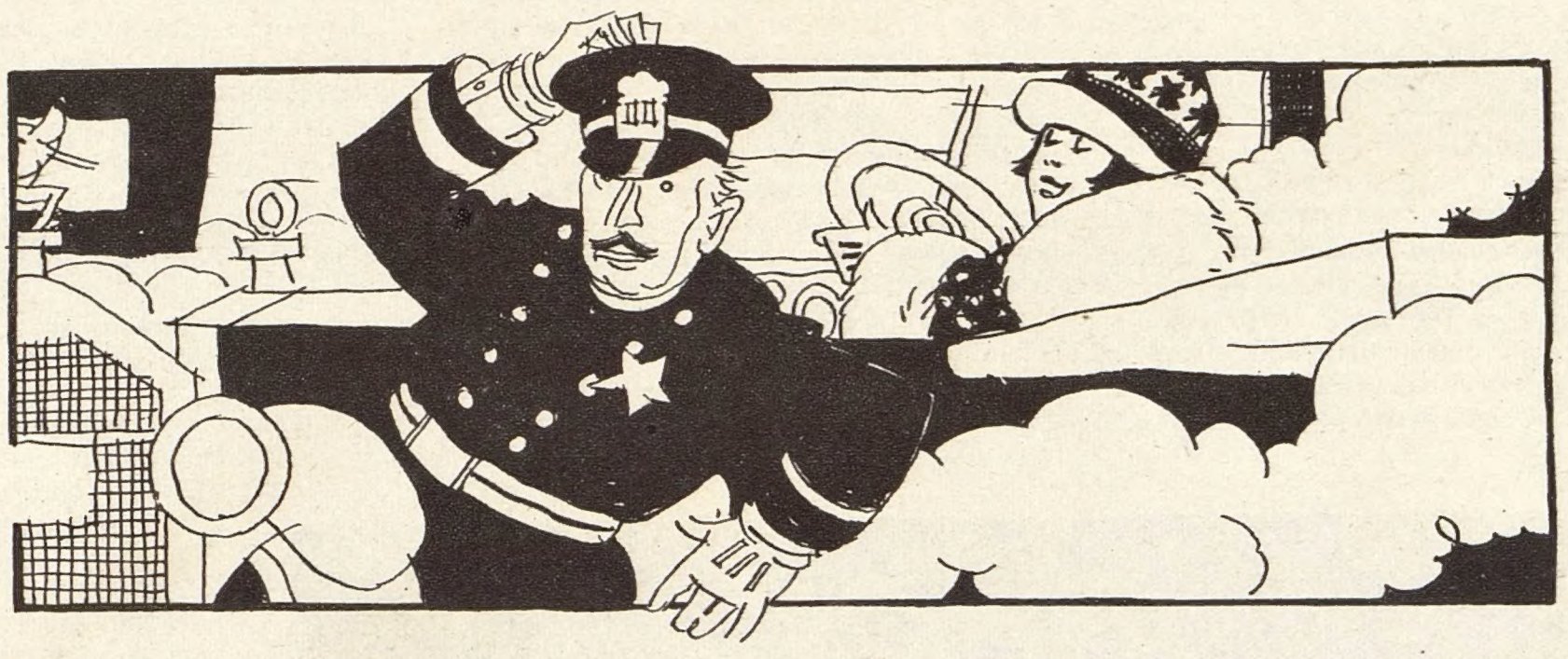
"You, Anne—*you!*" he said, hoarsely.

The package dropped from Anne's hands to the floor. Donald Lane stepped forward into the room.

Can brave Anne clear herself of the terrible stigma, "a thief"? You'll find this question answered in the towering climax of next week's final installment.

$500 a Week for Limericks!

Liberty's Most Amusing Contest---Open to Everybody, Everywhere!



THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of March 7. The Limerick read as follows:

A poet, his eyes all aglow,
Wrote an ode to the "beautiful snow";
But a hole in his shoe
Let a wintry blast through

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"That's snow (that's no) joke," he cried, wiggling his toe.

Written by A. E. HANDLEY, Hotel Hastings, Hastings, Fla.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Changing fervor to fever, you know!

Written by
LESTER C. WILLARD, 42 Caroline Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

If he'd owed (ode) less he might have some dough.

Written by
ALBERT D. FLUKER, 1491 Ossington Ave., Toronto, Can.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

So he added a "footnote" below.

Written by
R. H. PEARSON, 969 Boatmen's Bank Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

And the flu had him "Raven" like Poe.

Written by
WILLIAM H. PRATT, 100 Station St., Punxsutawney, Pa.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

HERE'S a secret, folks! (We're only repeating it to a few.) A pretty girl can certainly get away with *murder!* Observe the picture. It depicts an affront against the majesty of the law. (Gosh!) And now the question is: Did she "tell it to the Judge," or did she not? Dash off a few last lines to complete the Limerick in the coupon below, and send 'em in, folks! Send 'em in!

(Last week we promised you another ride on Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express. But Casey Jones, our well-known engineer, had another touch of his sciatica, and couldn't get the steam up! Too bad, Case! Too bad.)

For the five best lines submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon, Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

First	*Second*	*Third*	*Fourth*	*Fifth*
$250	$100	$75	$50	$25

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

All Last Lines for *THIS WEEK'S* Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than *Midnight, April 18*

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

The traffic cop stood in the street
With his gloves and his uniform neat,
When up drove a girl
In the mad traffic whirl

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of April 11)

Lifetime

By its white dot you shall know it as the aristocrat of pen-dom

A mark of leadership, a symbol of pen supremacy made manifest by record sales! The American buyer has pronounced it "the most beautiful pen in the world, in performance as well as in appearance"—and has backed that pronouncement with a mighty demand. It is another Sheaffer success founded upon downright certainty of performance, the jewel-like radite that is practically unbreakable, and the triumph of fine color. And Sheaffer pencils cleave to the same high standards. Look for the white dot that attractively identifies the Sheaffer jade "Lifetime."

"Lifetime" pen $8.75—Ladies' "Lifetime" $7.50—guaranteed. Others lower

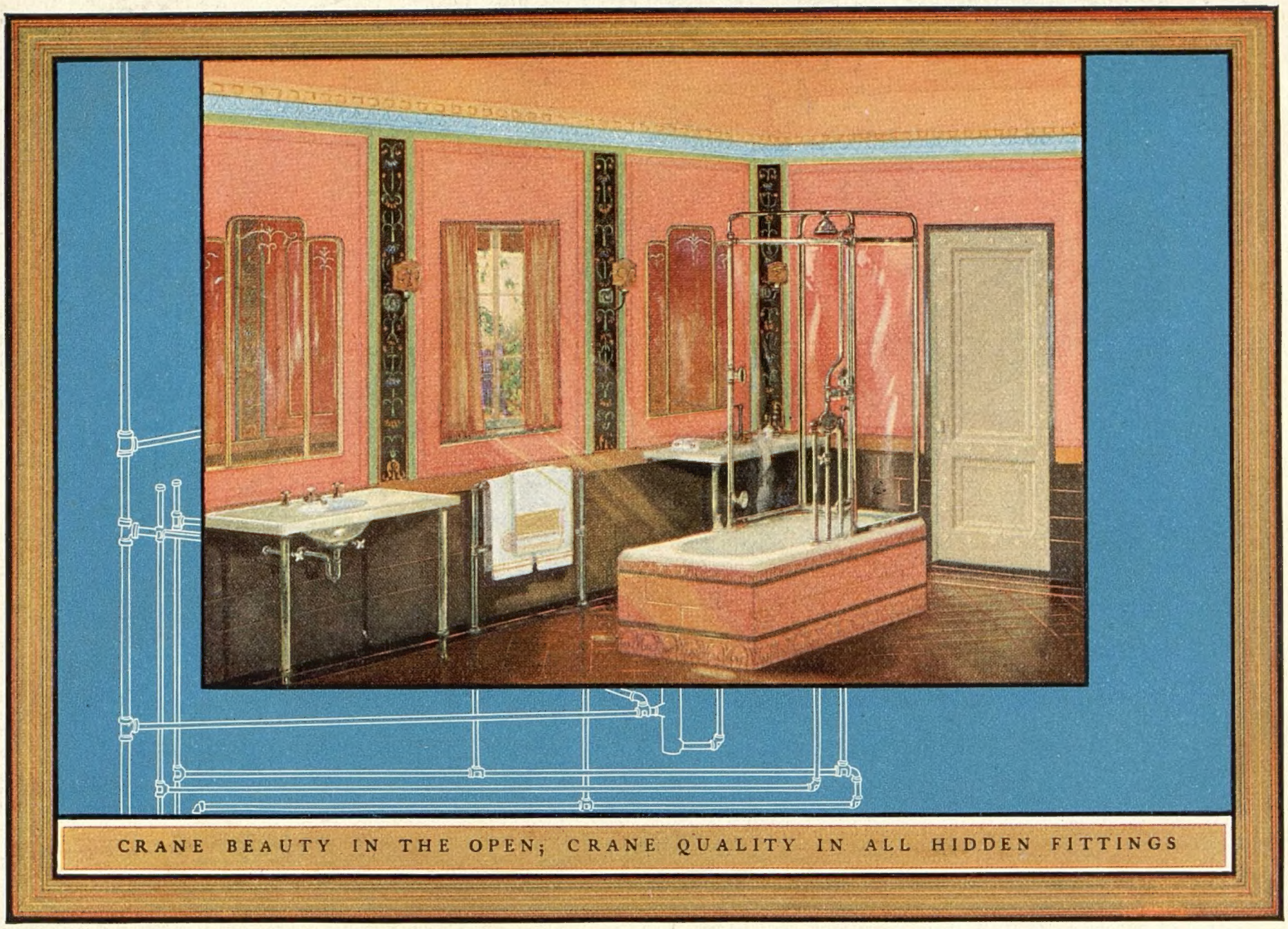
At better stores everywhere

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

DONALD DENTON



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

In no detail of the modern home are thought and taste so amply repaid as in the design and equipment of bathrooms. To avoid the commonplace and choose distinctive settings and fixtures is doubly important, since changes are not easily made after the work is completed.

In this Crane bathroom, character and charm are secured with simple materials. The walls are of painted plaster, with Pompeian decorations in rose and black and painted cornice and wainscot. Dull black floor tiles, laid in golden cement. *Marmor* lavatory and dressing table have tops of white Italian marble. *Tarnia* bath combined with *Crystal* shower.

Crane plumbing and heating fixtures are sold by contractors only, in a wide variety of styles at prices within reach of all. Write for book of color schemes, "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty-eight Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton and Montreal

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, SHANGHAI
CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON
CIE CRANE: PARIS, NANTES, BRUSSELS

Crane Neumar Lavatory